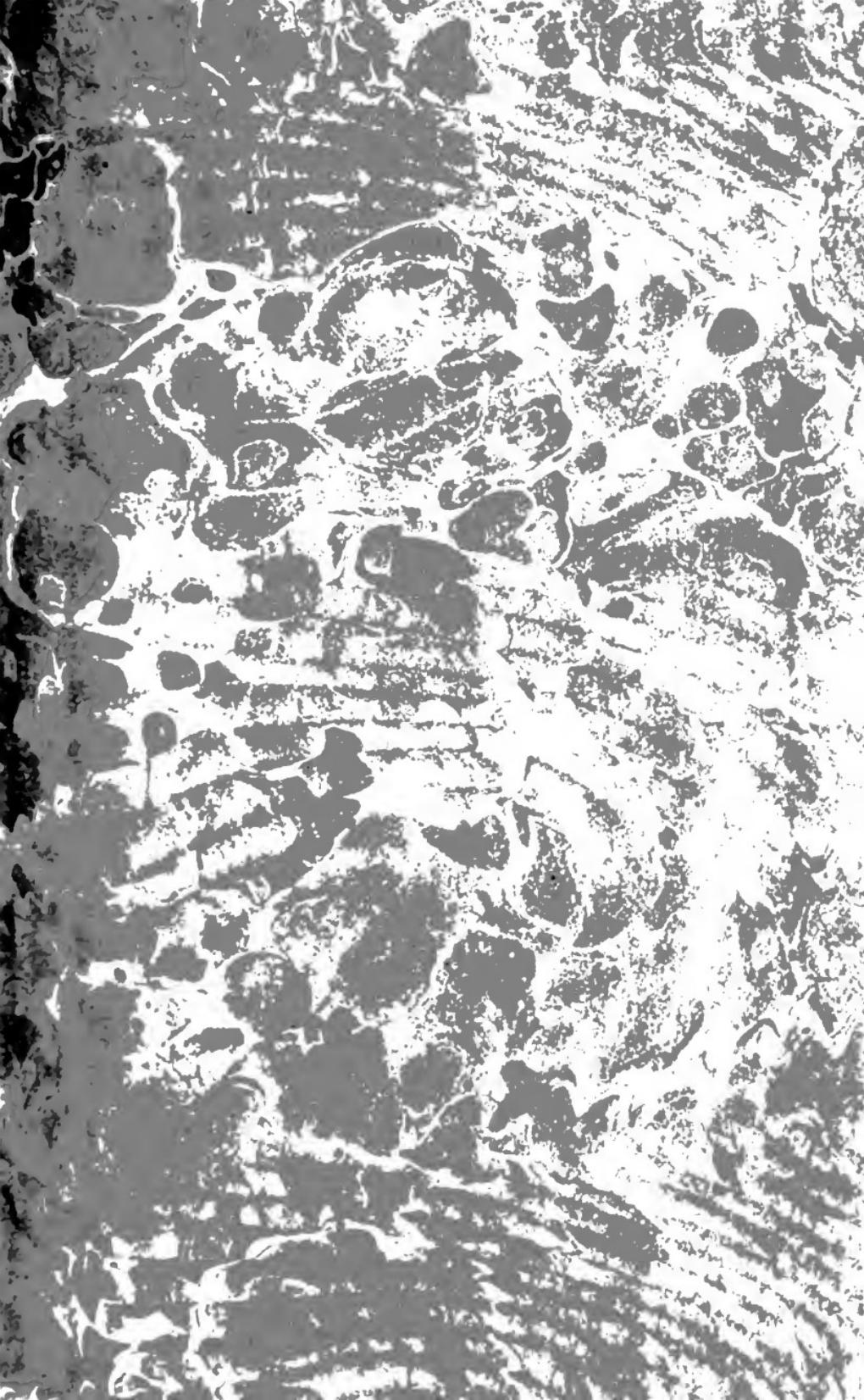




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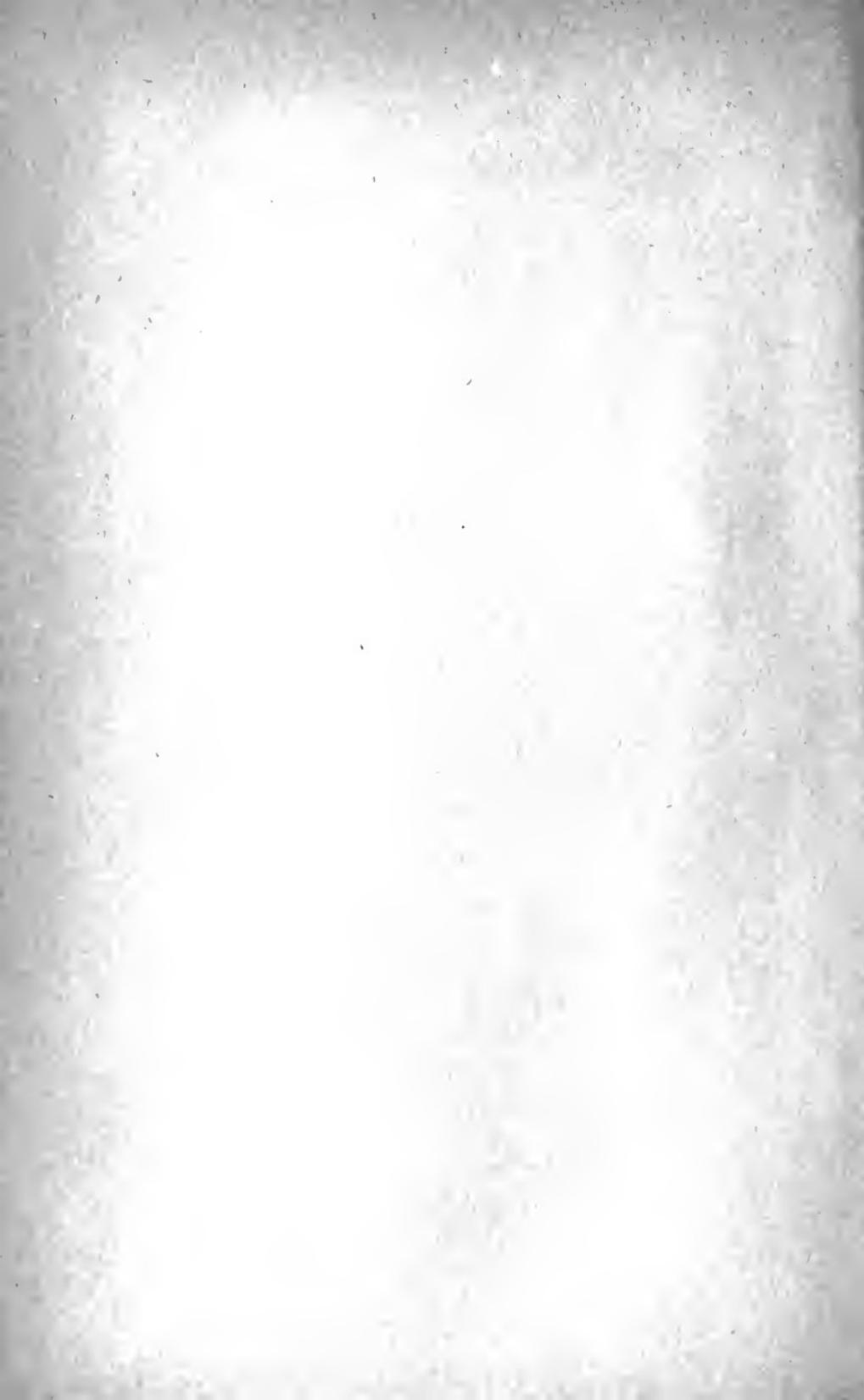
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THE
GOLDSMITH ANTHOLOGY.

1745-1774 A.D.

BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES.

I. THE DUNBAR ANTHOLOGY . . .	1401-1508 A.D.
II. THE SURREY AND WYATT ANTHOLOGY	1509-1547 A.D.
III. THE SPENSER ANTHOLOGY . . .	1548-1591 A.D.
IV. THE SHAKESPEARE ANTHOLOGY . . .	1592-1616 A.D.
V. THE JONSON ANTHOLOGY . . .	1617-1637 A.D.
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VIII. THE POPE ANTHOLOGY . . .	1701-1744 A.D.
IX. THE GOLDSMITH ANTHOLOGY . . .	1745-1774 A.D.
X. THE COWPER ANTHOLOGY . . .	1775-1800 A.D.

THE

GOLDSMITH

ANTHOLOGY.

1745-1774 A.D.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

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HENRY FROWDE,

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THE
GOLDSMITH
ANTHOLOGY.

1745-1774 A.D.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

[*THE HERMIT.*]

‘TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale!
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray!

‘For, here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go! ’

‘Forbear, my son !’ the Hermit cries,
‘To tempt the dangerous gloom !
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom !

‘Here to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will !

‘Then turn, to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows !
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing, and repose !

‘No flocks, that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them !

‘But from the mountain’s grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring !
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied ;
And water from the spring !

‘Then, Pilgrim ! turn ! thy cares forgo !
For earth-born cares are wrong !
Man wants but little here below ;
Nor wants that little long !’

Oliver Goldsmith.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell.

The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far sheltered in a glade obscure,
The modest mansion lay;
A refuge to the neigb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The door just opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when worldly crowds retire
To revels, or to rest,
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed, and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies:

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress,
'And whence, unhappy Youth !' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast ?

'From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love ?

'Alas ! the joys that Fortune brings
Are trifling and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they !

'And what is Friendship but a name !
A charm that lulls to sleep !
A shade that follows Wealth, or Fame ;
But leaves the wretch to weep !

'And Love is still an emptier sound !
The haughty Fair One's jest !
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest !

‘For shame! fond Youth! thy sorrows hush;
And spurn the Sex!’ he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His bashful guest betrayed.

He sees unnumbered beauties rise,
Expanding to the view,
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
As bright, as transient, too!

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A Maid in all her charms.

‘And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,’ she cried,
‘Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside!

‘But let a Maid thy pity share,
Whom Love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair
Companion of her way.

‘My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy Lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine—
He had but only me!

‘To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feigned, a flame.

‘Each morn, the gay fantastic crowd,
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest, young EDWIN bowed;
But never talked of love.

‘In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he!
A constant heart was all he had;
But that was all to me!

‘The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind!

‘The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his! but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine!

‘For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his Passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain!

'Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault;
And well my life shall pay!
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay!

'And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die!
'Twas so for me that EDWIN did;
And so for him will I!'

'Thou shalt not thus!' the Hermit cried
And clasped her to his breast.
The wond'ring Fair One turned to chide;
'Twas EDWIN's self that prest!

'Turn, ANGELINA! ever dear!
My Charmer! turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost, EDWIN here
Restored to love and thee!

'Thus, let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign;
And shall we never, never, part?
O, thou!—my all that 's mine!

Oliver Goldsmith.

'No! never, from this hour, to part!
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh, that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy EDWIN's too!'

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my Song!
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long!

In Islington, there was a man,
Of whom the World might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray!

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes!

Oliver Goldsmith.

And in that town, a dog was found,
As many dogs there be!
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

The dog and man, at first, were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man!

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man!

The wound, it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die!

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shewed the rogues they lied.
The man recovered of the bite;
The dog, it was that died!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest Village of the plain !
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring Swain ;
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delayed.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease !
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please !
How often have I loitered o'er thy Green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !

How often have I paused on every charm !
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy Mill,
The decent Church that topped the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking Age and whisp'ring Lovers made.

How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play ;
And all the village Train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round :

Oliver Goldsmith.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The Swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful Virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The Matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.

These were thy charms, sweet Village ! Sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please !
These, round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;
These were thy charms :—but all these charms are fled !

Sweet smiling Village ! loveliest of the lawn !
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn !
Amidst thy bowers, the tyrant's hand is seen ;
And desolation saddens all thy Green !
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day ;
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern, guards its nest :
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all !
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall.
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land !

Oliver Goldsmith.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay !
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold Peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied !

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required ; but gave no more !
His best companions, Innocence and Health ;
And his best riches, Ignorance of Wealth !

But Times are altered. Trade's unfeeling Train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the Swain.
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy Wealth and cumbrous Pomp repose,
And every want to Opulence allied,
And every pang that Folly pays to Pride.

Those gentle hours that Plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the Green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore ;
And rural mirth and manners are no more !

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power !

Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,

Oliver Goldsmith.

And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew ;
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy Train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the Past to pain !

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs (and GOD has given my share !)
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out Life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose !
I still had hopes, for Pride attends us still,
Amidst the Swains to shew my book-learned skill !
Around my fire, an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw !
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew ;
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return ;—and die at home at last !

O, blest Retirement ! friend to Life's decline !
Retreats from care, that never must be mine !

How happy he, who crowns in shades like these
A Youth of labour with an Age of ease !
Who quits a World, where strong temptations try ;
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him, no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine ; or tempt the dangerous deep !
No surly Porter stands in guilty State,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate !
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend !

Oliver Goldsmith.

Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the Village murmur rose ;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below.
The Swain responsive, as the Milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbed o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from School,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But, now, the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled !
All but yon widowed, solitary, thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched Matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook, with mantling cresses spread ;
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn ;
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn.
She only left, of all the harmless Train,
The sad Historian of the pensive plain.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The Village Preacher's modest mansion rose!

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with Forty Pounds a year!

Remote from towns, he ran his godly race;
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place!
Unpractised he, to fawn; or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour!
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize;
More skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise!

His house was known to all the vagrant Train.
He chid their wanderings; but relieved their pain!
The long-remembered Beggar was his guest;
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
The ruined Spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there; and had his claims allowed.
The broken Soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how Fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow;
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits, or their faults, to scan
His pity gave ere charity began!

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side.
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all!
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

Oliver Goldsmith.

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way !

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And Sorrow, Guilt, and Pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend Champion stood. At his control,
Despair and Anguish fled the struggling soul !
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise ;
And his last faint'ring accents whispered praise !

At Church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place.
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway ;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The Service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs, were given ;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven :
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head !

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The Village Master taught his little School.
A man severe he was, and stern to view.
I knew him well ! and every truant knew !

Oliver Goldsmith.

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face!
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes ; for many a joke had he !
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings, when he frowned !
Yet he was kind ; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to Learning was in fault.

The Village all declared, how much he knew !
'Twas certain, he could write ! and cipher too !
Lands he could measure ! Terms and tides presage !
And even the story ran ;—that he could gauge !
In arguing too, the Parson owned his skill ;
For even though vanquished, he could argue still !
While words of learnèd length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed ! and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew !

But past is all his fame ! The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot !

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the Sign-Post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard Mirth and smiling Toil retired,
Where Village Statesmen talked with looks profound ;
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The Parlour splendours of that festive place.
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The Twelve Good Rules, The Royal Game of Goose.

The hearth, except when Winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprise the tott'ring mansion from its fall.
Obscure it sinks ; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart !
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care !

No more the Farmer's news, the Barber's tale,
No more the Woodman's Ballad shall prevail !
No more the Smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear !
The Host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy Maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest !

Yes ! Let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly Train !
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art !
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway !
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined !

Oliver Goldsmith.

But the long pomp, the midnight Masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton Wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain !
And, even while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks, 'If this be Joy ?'

Ye friends to Truth ! ye Statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase ! the poor's, decay !
'Tis yours to judge, How wide the limits stand
Between a splendid, and a happy, land !

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore ;
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore !
Hoards, even beyond the Miser's wish, abound ;
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains ! This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same !
Not so the loss ! The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied !
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds !
The robe, that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth !
His Seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the Cottage from the Green !
Around the world, each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Oliver Goldsmith.

Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail !),
When time advances, and when Lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise !
Its Vistas strike ! its Palaces surprise !
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms ;—a garden, and a grave !

Where then, ah ! where shall Poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous Pride ?
If, to some Common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the Sons of Wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn Common is denied !

If to the City sped, what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share !
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury ; and thin mankind !
To see those joys the Sons of Pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe !

Here, while the Courtier glitters in brocade ;
There, the pale Artist plies the sickly trade !
Here, while the Proud their long-drawn pomps display ;
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way !
The Dome, where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous Train ;

Oliver Goldsmith.

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing Square,
The rattling chariots clash ! the torches glare !
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure, these denote one universal Joy !

Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah ! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at Tales of innocence distressed ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Now, lost to all ! her friends, her virtue, fled !
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart, deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the Town,
She left her Wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn ! thine, the loveliest Train !
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah ! no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts, with fainting steps, they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore :
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;

Oliver Goldsmith.

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those pois'nois fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they
While oft, in whirls, the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

Far diff'rent these, from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away !
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last ;
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western Main ;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.

The good old Sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe,
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave !

His lovely Daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent, went next, neglectful of her charms ;
And left a Lover's for a Father's arms.

Oliver Goldsmith.

With louder plaints, the Mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear :
Whilst her fond Husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, Luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree !
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !

Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own !
At every draught, more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy Woe,
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink ; and spread a ruin round !

Even now, the devastation is begun ;
And half the business of destruction, done !

Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the Rural Virtues leave the land !
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale.
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness are there !
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love !

Oliver Goldsmith.

And thou, sweet Poetry ! thou loveliest Maid !
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degen'rate Times of shame,
To catch the heart ; or strike for honest fame !

Dear charming Nymph ! neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds ! my solitary pride !
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe ;
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so !
Thou Guide, by which the nobler arts excel !
Thou Nurse of every virtue ! fare thee well !

Farewell ! and O, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow ;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime !
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain !
Teach erring Man to spurn the rage of gain !
Teach him that States, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed !
[That Trade's proud Empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky !]

RETALIATION,

INCLUDING

*EPITAPHS ON THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WITS
OF THIS METROPOLIS.*

OF old, when SCARRON¹ his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united:
If our landlord² supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish!

Our Dean³ shall be venison, just fresh from the plains!
Our BURKE⁴ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains!
Our WILL⁵ shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavour;
And DICK⁶, with his pepper, shall heighten their savour!
Our CUMBERLAND⁷ 's sweet-bread, its place shall obtain;
And DOUGLAS⁸ is pudding substantial and plain!
Our GARRICK⁹ 's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree!
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That RIDGE¹⁰ is anchovy; and REYNOLDS¹¹ is lamb!
That HICKEY¹² 's a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous GOLDSMITH, a gooseberry fool!

¹ PAUL SCARRON.

² Of the St. James' Coffee House,
London.

³ THOMAS BARNARD, in 1774 Dean
of Derry; afterwards, in 1780, Bishop of
KILLALOE; and, in 1790, of LIMERICK.

⁴ Rt. Hon. EDMUND BURKE.

⁵ WILLIAM BURKE, M.P.

⁶ RICHARD BURKE, the brother of
EDMUND BURKE.

⁷ RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

⁸ JOHN DOUGLAS, in 1774 Canon of
Winchester; afterwards, in 1787, Bishop
of CARLISLE; and, in 1791, of SALIS-
BURY.

⁹ DAVID GARRICK.

¹⁰ JOHN RIDGE.

¹¹ Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

¹² THOMAS HICKEY.

Oliver Goldsmith.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last!
Here, Waiter! more wine! Let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table!
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead!

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mixed Reason with Pleasure, and Wisdom with
Mirth!

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least, in six weeks, I could not find them out!
Yet some have declared (and it can't be denied them!)
That SLY-BOOTS was cursedly cunning to hide them!

Here lies our good EDMUND, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much!
Who, born for the Universe, narrowed his mind;
And to Party gave up, what was meant for Mankind!
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade TOMMY TOWNSHEND to lend him a vote!
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining;
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining!
Though equal to all things; for all things unfit!
Too nice for a Statesman; too proud for a Wit!
For a Patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the Right, to pursue the Expedient!

In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, Sir!
To eat mutton cold; and cut blocks with a razor!

Here lies honest WILLIAM, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't!
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong!
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam;
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
Would you ask for his merits? Alas! he had none!
What was good was spontaneous; his faults were his own!

Here lies honest RICHARD, whose fate I must sigh at!
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! What wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest; and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing; yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a Devil was DICK,
That we wished him, full ten times a day, at Old NICK!
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have DICK back again!

Here CUMBERLAND lies, having acted his Parts,
The TERENCE of England, the mender of hearts!
A flattering painter; who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are!

His Gallants are all faultless ; his Women, divine :
And Comedy wonders at being so fine !
Like a Tragedy Queen, he has dizened her out ;
Or rather like Tragedy giving a Rout !
His Fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud !
And Coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own !
Say, where has our Poet this malady caught ;
Or wherefore his Characters thus without fault ?
Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here DOUGLAS retires from his toils to relax ;
The scourge of impostors ! the terror of quacks !
Come, all ye quack Bards ! and ye quacking Divines !
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines !
Where Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I feared for your safety ! I feared for my own !

But now he is gone, and we want a detector ;
Our DODDS shall be pious ! our KENRICKS shall lecture !
MACPHERSON write bombast, and call it a style !
Our TOWNSHEND make speeches ; and I shall compile !
New LAUDERS and BOWERS, the Tweed shall cross over ;
No countryman living, their tricks to discover !
Detection, her taper shall quench to a spark ;
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark !

Here lies DAVID GARRICK! Describe me who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in Man!
As an Actor, confessed without rival to shine!
As a Wit, if not first, in the very first line!
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart;
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art!
Like an ill-judging Beauty, his colours he spread;
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red!
On the Stage, he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting!
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned, and he varied, full ten times a day!
Though secure of our hearts; yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick!
He cast off his friends, as a Huntsman, his pack;
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.

Of praise, a mere glutton! he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame,
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please!
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind!
Ye KENRICKS, ye KELLYS, and WOODFALLS so grave,
What a commerce was yours! while you got and you gave.
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised;
When he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an Angel, and mix with the skies!
Those Poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will!

Oliver Goldsmith.

Old SHAKESPEARE receive him with praise and with love!
And BEAUMONTS and BENS be his KELLYS above!

Here HICKEY reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature;
And Slander itself must allow him good-nature!
He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper!

Perhaps you may ask, 'If the man was a miser?'
I answer, 'No! No! For he always was wiser!
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that!'

'Perhaps, he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?' 'Ah! no!'
'Then what was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye!'
'He was (could he help it?) a Special Attorney!'

Here REYNOLDS is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind!
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand!
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland!
Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil, our faces; his manners, our heart!

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
hearing! [stuff;
While they talked of their RAPHAELS, CORREGGIOS, and
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff!

Wha wadna fight for CHARLIE?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally,
At their royal Prince's word?
Think on Scotia's ancient heroes!
Think on foreign foes repelled!
Think on glorious BRUCE and WALLACE,
Wha the proud usurpers quelled!

Wha wadna fight for CHARLIE? &c.
Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the North!
Rouse, and join your Chieftain's banners!
'Tis your Prince, that leads you forth!

Wha wadna fight for CHARLIE? &c.
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal STUART be banished,
While a stranger rules the day?

Wha wadna fight for CHARLIE? &c.
See the northern Clans advancing!
See GLENGARRY and LOCHIEL
See the brandished broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel!

Jacobite Songs.

Wha wadna fight for CHARLIE? &c.
Now our Prince has reared his banner!
Now triumphant is our cause!
Now the Scottish Lion rallies!
Let us strike for Prince and laws!

CHARLIE, HE 'S MY DARLING!

'TWAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That CHARLIE came to our Town,
The young Chevalier.
And CHARLIE, he 's my darling!
My darling! my darling!
And CHARLIE, he 's my darling!
The young Chevalier!

As he was walking up the street,
The City for to view,
O, there he spied a bonny Lass,
The window looking through.
And CHARLIE, he 's my darling! &c.

Sae light 's he jumpèd up the stair,
And tirlèd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel
To let the Laddie in!
And CHARLIE, he 's my darling! &c.

Jacobite Songs.

He set his JENNY on his knee,
All in his Highland dress ;
For brawly weel he ken'd the way
To please a bonny Lass !
And CHARLIE, he 's my darling ! &c.

It 's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen ;
We daurna gang a milking,
For CHARLIE and his men !
And CHARLIE, he 's my darling ! &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the North right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in a morning.
Hey ! JOHNNIE COPE ! are ye wauking yet ?
Or are ye sleeping ? I would wit !
O, haste ye ! get up ! for the drums do beat !
O, fie ! COPE ! rise in the morning !

Jacobite Songs.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
'Come, fight me, CHARLIE! an ye daur!
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning!'

Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

When CHARLIE looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword, the scabbard from,
'So Heaven restore me to my own,
I'll meet you, COPE! in the morning!'

Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

COPE swore, with many a bloody word,
That he would fight them, gun and sword!
But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scared bird;
And JOHNNIE, he took wing in the morning!

Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir JOHNNIE marched to Preston town.
He says, 'My lads! come lean you down;
And we'll fight the boys in the morning!'

Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
O, JOHNNIE! he took wing in the morning!

Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

Jacobite Songs.

On the morrow, when he did rise,
He looked between him and the skies.
He saw them wi' their naked thighs;
Which feared him in the morning.
Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

O, then, he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a Man of War,
He thought to have passed for a rustic tar;
And gotten awa in the morning.
Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

Sir JOHNNIE, into Berwick rade,
Just as the De'il had been his guide!
Gi'en him the warld, he wadna staid
T' have foughten the boys in the morning!
Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir JOHN,
'O, what 's become of all your men?'
'In faith!' says he, 'I dinna ken!
I left them a' this morning!'
Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c.

Says Lord MARK CAR, 'Ye are na blate
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat!
I think you deserve the back o' the gate!
Get out o' my sight, this morning!'
Hey! JOHNNIE COPE! are ye wauking yet? &c

WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

ROYAL CHARLIE 's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly Main
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again!
'Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be!
And will you no come back again?'

Mony a traitor, 'mang the Isles,
Brak the band o' Nature's law!
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa!
Will he no come back again?
Will he no come back again?
Better lo'ed he'll never be!
And will he no come back again?

Jacobite Songs.

The hills he trode were a' his ain;
And bed beneath the birken tree!
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim but he!
Will he no come back again? &c.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing
Unto the e'enings sinking down,
Or merl, that makes the woods to ring;
To me, they hae nae ither soun'
Than, 'Will he no come back again?' &c.

Mony a gallant Sodger fought!
Mony a gallant Chief did fa'!
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's King and Law!
Will he no come back again? &c.

Sweet the lav'rock's note, and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen,
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Is 'Will he no come back again?'
Will he no come back again? &c.

THE MORNING-BREAK.

AWAKE, ye drowsy Swains! awake!
Behold the beauteous Morning-break!
AURORA's mantle grey appears;
And harmony salutes the ears!

The Lark has soared a wondrous height,
And, warbling, wings her airy flight.
The birds, soft-brooding o'er their nests,
Instruct their young from tuneful breasts.

A thousand beauties fill the plains!
Each twig affords melodious strains!
Through every eastern tree and bush,
The virgin Day appears to blush!

Already DAMON, with his crook,
Attends his flock at yonder brook:
The charming CHLOE 's by his side,
Of all the Nymphs the Shepherd's pride. . . .

While rural Swains enjoy the Morn,
And laugh at ev'ry Courtier's scorn!
Nor envy their voluptuous way;
But, while they sleep, enjoy the day!

A BALLAD.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young Squire,
To bring down a Wife whom the swains might admire :
But, in spite of whatever the Mortal could say,
The Goddess objected the length of the way !

' To give up the Op'ra, the Park, and the Ball,
For to view the stags' horns in an old country Hall !
To have neither China, nor India, to see ;
Nor a lace-man to plague in a morning :—not she !

' To forsake the dear Play-house, QUIN, GARRICK, and
CLIVE ;
Who, by dint of mere humour, had kept her alive !
To forgo the full Box for his lonesome abode ;
O, heavens ! she should faint, she should die, on the road !

' To forget the gay fashions and gestures of France ;
And to leave dear AUGUSTE, in the midst of the dance !
And Harlequin too ! 'Twas in vain to require it !
And she wondered, how folks had the face to desire it ! . . .

' To be sure, she could breathe nowhere else than in
Town !'
Thus she talked like a Wit; and he looked like a Clown.
But the while honest HARRY despaired to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trailed her to Tweed !

JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS EXECUTION,

IN THE YEAR 1745.

COME, listen to my mournful Tale,
Ye tender hearts and Lovers dear !
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh ;
Nor need you blush to shed a tear !

And thou, dear KITTY ! peerless Maid !
Do thou, a pensive ear incline !
For thou canst weep at every woe ;
And pity every plaint ;—but mine !

Young DAWSON was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain !
And well he loved one charming Maid ;
And dearly was he loved again !

One tender Maid, she loved him dear !
Of gentle blood, the Damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame !

But curse on Party's hateful strife,
That led the favoured Youth astray!
The day the Rebel Clans appeared
(O, had he never seen that day!),

Their colours and their sash he wore;
And in the fatal dress was found:
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound!

How pale was then his True Love's cheek,
When JEMMY's sentence reached her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill, appear!

With faltering voice, she weeping said,
'O, DAWSON! Monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves;
For thou and I will never part!

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to JEMMY's woes;
O, GEORGE! without a prayer for thee,
My orisons should never close!

'The gracious Prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame!
And every tender babe I bore,
Should learn to lisp the giver's name!

'But though he should be dragged, in scorn,
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel Fates' decree!'

O, then her mourning coach was called.
The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her fav'rite more!

She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of Law:
And the last scene of JEMMY's woes,
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long!
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung!

And severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed!
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her lovesick head repos'd!

And ravished was that constant heart,
She did to ev'ry heart prefer!
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her!

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
' Yet, yet,' she cried, ' I follow thee !

' My death, my death alone can shew
The pure, the lasting, love I bore !
Accept, O, Heaven ! of woes like ours ;
And let us, let us, weep no more !'

The dismal scene was o'er and past.
The Lover's mournful hearse retired.
The Maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though Justice ever must prevail,
The tear my KITTY sheds is due !
For seldom shall she hear a Tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true !

I TOLD my Nymph, I told her true,
'My fields were small, my flocks were few';
While faltering accents spoke my fear
That FLAVIA might not prove sincere.

'Of crops destroyed by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold.'
Of these she heard, and bore to hear;
And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

'How, changed by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I loved became unkind.'
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not FLAVIA then sincere?

'How, if she deigned my love to bless;
My FLAVIA must not hope for dress!'
This too she heard, and smiled to hear;
And FLAVIA, sure, must be sincere!

Go, shear your flocks, ye jovial Swains!
Go, reap the plenty of your pains!
Despoiled of all which you revere,
I know, my FLAVIA's love's sincere!

'HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural Fays and Fairies dwell!
Though rarely seen by mortal eye;
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams!

'Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our Revels crave.
The turf, with daisies broidered o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor!
Nor yet for artful strains we call;
But listen to the water's fall.

'Would you then taste our tranquil scene;
Be sure, your bosoms be serene!
Devoid of hate! devoid of strife!
Devoid of all that poisons life!
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race!

'And tread with awe these favoured bowers;
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers!
So may your path, with sweets abound!
So may your couch, with rest be crowned!
But harm betide the wayward Swain,
Who dares our hallowed haunts profane!'

NANCY OF THE VALE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heats of day;

When, from a hazel's artless bower,
Soft-warbled STREPHON's tongue!
He blessed the scene, he blessed the hour,
While NANCY's praise he sung.

'Let Fops, with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love;
While weeping Maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:

'But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair E'sham's dale;
And every blessing find its way
To NANCY of the Vale!

'Twas from Avona's banks, the Maid
Diffused her lovely beams;
And every shining glance displayed
The Naiad of the streams.

'Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

‘ Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom ;
 Her eye, all mild to view,
The little halcyon’s azure plume
 Was never half so blue !

‘ Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, straight, and fair !
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !

‘ Far in the winding Vale retired,
 This peerless bud I found ;
And shadowing rocks and woods conspired
 To fence her beauties round.

‘ That Nature, in so lone a dell,
 Should form a Nymph so sweet !
Or Fortune, to her secret cell
 Conduct my wandering feet !

‘ Gay Lordlings sought her for their Bride ;
 But she would ne’er incline !
“ Prove to your equals true ! ” she cried,
 “ As I will prove to mine ! ”

“ ‘ Tis STREPHON, on the mountain’s brow,
 Has won my right good will ;
To him I gave my plighted vow !
 With him, I’ll climb the hill ! ”

William Shenstone.

'Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasped the constant Fair!

To her alone, I gave my youth ;
And vow my future care !

'And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forgo ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow !'

'PERHAPS, it is not Love,' said I,
'That melts my soul when FLAVIA's nigh !
Where Wit and Sense like hers agree,
One may be pleased, and yet be free !

'The beauties of her polished mind,
It needs no Lover's eye to find !
The Hermit, freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle FLAVIA well !

'It is not Love !' averse to bear
The servile chain that Lovers wear,
'Let, let me all my fears remove !
My doubts dispel ! It is not Love !

'O, when did Wit so brightly shine
In any Form less fair than thine ?
It is—it is Love's subtle fire !
And under friendship lurks desire !'

THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

YES! FULVIA is like VENUS fair!
Has all her bloom, and shape, and Air!
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face!

The crown majestic JUNO wore,
And CYNTHIA's brow the crescent bore!
A helmet marked MINERVA's mien;
But smiles distinguished Beauty's Queen!

Her Train was formed of Smiles and Loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
And from her zone, the Nymph may find
'Tis Beauty's province to be kind!

Then, smile, my Fair! and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian Dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their Forms from you alone!

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

[*GENERAL JAMES WOLFE'S SONG.*

*So CALLED, BECAUSE IT IS TRADITIONALLY STATED
TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY HIM, ON THE NIGHT BEFORE
HE WAS KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC,*

SEPTEMBER 13, 1759.]

How stands the Glass around ?
For shame ! ye take no care, my Boys !
How stands the Glass around ?
Let Mirth and Wine abound !
The trumpets sound !
The Colours, they are flying, Boys !
To fight, kill or wound,
May we still be found !
Content with our hard fate, my Boys !
On the cold ground !

Why, Soldiers! why
Should we be melancholy, Boys?
Why, Soldiers! why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What! sighing! Fie!
Hang fear! Drink on! be jolly, Boys!
'Tis he! you! or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, Boys!
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain!
I mean not to upbraid ye, Boys!
'Tis but in vain
For Soldiers to complain!
Should next Campaign
Send us to Him who made us, Boys!
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again!

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN Angels! now protect me!
Send to me, the Swain I love!
CUPID! with thy bow, direct me!
Help me, all ye Powers above!
Bear him my sighs, yet gentle breezes!
Tell him, I love, and I despair!
Tell him, For him I grieve! Say, 'Tis for him I live!
O, may the Shepherd be sincere!

Through the shady grove I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night!
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
First LEANDER blessed my sight!
Witness, ye groves and falls of water!
ECHO, repeat the vows he swore!
Can he forget me? Will he neglect me?
Shall I never see him more?

Does he love, and yet forsake me,
To admire a Nymph more fair?
If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow;
And esteem the happy pair!
Some lonely cave, I'll make my dwelling!
Ne'er more the cares of life pursue!
The lark and Philomel only shall hear me tell
What bids me bid the World 'Adieu!'

ABRA, OR THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE—A FOREST.

TIME—THE EVENING.

IN GEORGIA's land, where Tiflis' towers are seen
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
EMYRA sang the pleasing cares of Love.

'Of ABRA,' first began the tender strain,
'Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain.
At morn, she came those willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead;
From early dawn, the life-long hours she told,
Till late, at silent eve, she penned the fold.

'Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made:
Gay mottled pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows,
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there.
The finished chaplet well adorned her hair.

‘ Great ABBAS chanced, that fated morn, to stray;
By love conducted from the chase away.
Among the vocal vales, he heard her Song;
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length, he found, and wooed, the rural Maid.
She knew the Monarch; and with fear obeyed.

Be every Youth, like royal ABBAS moved;
And every Georgian Maid, like ABRA loved!

‘ The royal Lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain.
Oft, as she went, she backward turned her view;
And bade that crook and bleating flock, Adieu!
Fair happy Maid! To other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd’s strain!
With love delight thee! and with ABBAS reign!

Be every Youth, like royal ABBAS moved;
And every Georgian Maid, like ABRA loved!

‘ Yet, ’midst the blaze of Courts, she fixed her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove!
Still, with the shepherd’s innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead, inclined!
And, oft as Spring renewed the plains with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return, she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.

Her maids around her moved, a duteous band ;
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand.
Some simple Lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung !
Be every Youth, like royal ABBAS moved ;
And every Georgian Maid, like ABRA loved !

‘ And oft the royal Lover left the care
And thorns of State, attendant on the Fair ;
Oft to the shades and low-roofed cots retired,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired.
A russet mantle, like a Swain, he wore ;
And thought of Crowns and busy Courts no more.
Be every Youth, like royal ABBAS moved ;
And every Georgian Maid, like ABRA loved !

‘ Blessed was the life the royal ABBAS led ;
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble Maid excel ;
The simple Shepherd Girl can love as well !
Let those who rule on Persia’s jewelled throne,
Be famed for love ! and gentlest love alone !
Or wreath, like ABBAS, full of fair renown,
The Lover’s myrtle with the Warrior’s crown !
“ O, happy days ! ” the maids around her say,
“ O, haste, profuse of blessings, haste away ! ”
Be every Youth, like royal ABBAS moved ;
And every Georgian Maid, like ABRA loved !

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or Pastoral Song
May hope, O, pensive Eve! to soothe thine ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
O, Nymph reserved! while, now, the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent; whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed;
Now, air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now, teach me, Maid composed!
 To breathe some softened strain;
Whose Numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star, arising, shows
His paly circlet; at his warning lamp,
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and (lovelier still!)
 The Pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then, let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams!
Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet; be mine the hut
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires!
And hears their simple bell! and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil!

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy ling'ring light;
While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking Train,
 And rudely rends thy robes:
So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy fav'rite name!

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

1746.

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest,
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!

By fairy hands their knell is rung !
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung !
There, Honour comes, a Pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay !
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping Hermit, there !

O, how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me?
On Lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain;
And, though I was nothing, yet pity my pain?

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and dress,
'When real the Passion, the vanity 's less!'
You saw through that silence, which others despise;
And, while Beaus were prating, read love in my eyes!

O, where is the Nymph that, like thee, can ne'er cloy;
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy?
And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From beautiful Mistress, turn sensible Friend?

When I see thee, I love thee; but hearing, adore!
I wonder, and think you a woman no more!
Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain;
And kissing those lips, find you woman again!

In all that I write, I'll thy judgement require!
Thy taste shall correct, what thy love did inspire!
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er;
And then live on Friendship, when Passion 's no more!

THE JOLLY TOPER.

THE Women all tell me, I'm false to my Lass;
That I quit my poor CHLOE, and stick to my Glass!
But to you, Men of Reason, my reasons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why, let them alone!

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare!
I believe she was good; and am sure she was fair:
But goodness and charms in a Bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she!

My CHLOE had dimples and smiles, I must own!
But though she could smile; yet, in truth, she could
frown:
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine!
Did you e'er see a frown in a Bumper of Wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquered by time!
But in Wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows!

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloyed;
And that beauty 's insipid, when once 'tis enjoyed:
But in Wine I both time and enjoyment defy!
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I!

Let Murders, and Battles, and History prove
The mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love:
But, in drinking, thank Heaven! no Rival contends;
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends!...

We shorten our days, when with Love we engage;
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:
But Wine, from grim Death can its votaries save;
And keep out t'other leg, when there 's one in the
grave!

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me, to get an estate, or a Lord:
But my Bumper, regarding no titles nor pelf,
Will stand by me, while I can't stand by myself!

Then, let my dear CHLOE no longer complain!
She 's rid of her Lover; and I, of my pain!
For in Wine, mighty Wine! many comforts I spy!
Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and try!

THE morning is charming, all Nature is gay,
Away, my brave Boys! to your horses, away!
For the prime of our pleasure, and questing the Hare;
We have not so much as a moment to spare!

CHORUS.

Hark! the merry-toned horn! how melodious it sounds
To the musical song of the merry-mouthing hounds!

In yon stubble field, we shall find her below!
'Soho!' cries the Huntsman. Hark to him, 'Soho!'
See, see where she goes; and the hounds have a view!
Such harmony HANDEL himself never knew!

CHORUS.

Gates, hedges, and ditches, to us are no bounds;
But the world is our own, while we follow the hounds!

Hold! Hold! 'Tis a double! Hark! hey! Tanner hye!
Though a thousand gainsay it, a thousand shall lie!
His beauty surpassing, his truth has been tried;
At the head of the pack, an infallible guide!

CHORUS.

To his cry, the wide welkin with thunder resounds;
The darling of hunters! the glory of hounds!

O'er highlands and lowlands and woodlands we fly:
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry!
So matched are their mouths, and so even they run,
Like the Tune of the Spheres, and their race with the sun.

CHORUS.

Health, Joy, and Felicity dance in the Rounds;
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds!

C. L. and Anonymous.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign
That the Hare, though a stout one, begins to decline.
A chase of two hours or more she has led.
She's down! Look about you! They have her! 'Ware, dead!'

CHORUS.

How glorious a death! to be honoured with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds!

Here 's a Health to all Hunters, and long be their lives!
May they never be crossed by their Sweethearts, or Wives!
May they rule their own Passions; and ever at rest,
As the most happy men, be they also the best!

CHORUS.

And free from the care which the many surrounds,
See Heaven at the last—when they see no more hounds!

CAPTAIN DEATH.

THE Muse and the Hero together are fired!
The same noble views have their bosoms inspired!
As Freedom they love, and for Glory contend,
The Muse o'er the Hero still mourns as a friend.
And here let the Muse, her poor tribute bequeath
To one British Hero! 'Tis brave Captain DEATH!

His ship was the *Terrible*, dreadful to see!
His crew were as brave and as gallant as he!
Two hundred, or more, was their good complement;
And, sure, braver fellows to sea never went!
Each man was determined to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave Captain DEATH!

A prize they had taken, diminished their force ;
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course.
The French Privateer and the *Terrible* met.
The battle began, all with horror beset.
No heart was dismayed, each was bold as MACBETH ;
They fought for old England, and brave Captain DEATH !

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard, and felt.
A sight that the heart of BELLONA would melt !
The shrouds were all torn, and the deck filled with
blood ;
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood.
The flood, from the time of old NOAH and SETH,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain DEATH !

At last, the dread bullet came, winged with its fate.
Our brave Captain dropped ; and, soon after, his Mate.
Each Officer fell ; and a carnage was seen,
That soon dyed the waves to a crimson from green :
And NEPTUNE rose up ; and he pulled off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton, to crown Captain DEATH.

Thus fell the strong *Terrible*, bravely and bold ;
But sixteen survivors, the tale can unfold.
The French were the victors, though much to their cost ;
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.
And this says old TIME, ' From good Queen ELIZABETH,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain DEATH !'

ON DOWAGER LADY E. H——D.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which divide the blooming Fair!
Give me the Nymph, whose snow is spread,
Not o'er her breast, but hair!

Of smoother cheeks, the winning grace,
As open forces I defy!
But in the wrinkles of her face,
CUPIDS, as in ambush, lie!

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And am'rous warmth inspire;
Through glass who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire!

Nor happy Rivals, nor the train
Of num'rous years, my bliss destroys!
Alive, she gives no jealous pain;
And then, to please me, dies!

STRAWBERRY HILL.

SOME cry up Gunnersbury!
For Sion some declare!
Some say, with Chiswick House
No Villa can compare!
But ask the Beaus of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill
Don't bear away the bell?

Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill,
For this thing, and for that;
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill,
Though, sure, 'tis somewhat flat!
Yet Marble Hill and Greenwich Hill,
If KITTY CLIVE can tell,
From Strawberry Hill, from Strawberry Hill
Will never bear the bell!

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
And Clermont kept so jim ;
And some prefer sweet Southcoats :
'Tis but a dainty whim !
But ask the gallant BRISTOL,
Who doth in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill
Don't bear away the bell ?

Since DENHAM sang of Cooper's,
There 's scarce a Hill around,
But what, in Song, or Ditty,
Is turned to fairy ground !
Ah ! peace be with their memory !
I wish them wondrous well !
But Strawberry Hill, but Strawberry Hill
Will ever bear the bell !

Great WILLIAM dwells at Windsor,
As EDWARD did of old ;
And many a Gaul, and many a Scot,
Have found him full as bold !
On lofty hills like Windsor,
Such Heroes ought to dwell ;
Yet the little folks on Strawberry Hill
Like Strawberry Hill as well !

MOLLY LEPELL.

A BALLAD.

THE Muses, quite jaded with rhyming,
To MOLLY MOGG bid a farewell; See Vol. VIII, p. 167.
But renew their sweet melody chiming
To the name of dear MOLLY LEPELL . . .

So powerful her charms, and so moving,
They would warm an old monk in his cell!
Should the Pope himself ever go roving,
He would follow dear MOLLY LEPELL! . . .

Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Verden,
And likewise the Duchy of Zell;
I'd part with them all for a farthing,
To have my dear MOLLY LEPELL! . . .

The Earls of Bath and Chesterfield.

Old ORPHEUS, that Husband so civil,
He followed his Wife down to Hell;
And who would not go to the Devil,
For the sake of dear MOLLY LEPELL!

Her lips and her breath are much sweeter
Than the thing which the Latins call *mel*;
Who would not thus pump for a metre,
To chime to dear MOLLY LEPELL! . . .

If CURLL would print me this Sonnet,
To a volume my verses should swell!
A fig for what DENNIS says on it!
He can never find fault with LEPELL!

Then HANDEL to music shall set it!
Through England my Ballad shall sell!
And all the World readily get it,
To sing to the praise of LEPELL!

WHEN FANNY blooming fair
First caught my ravished sight,
Struck with her shape and Air,
I felt a strange delight!
Whilst eagerly I gazed,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature praised,
She stole into my heart!

In her bewitching eyes,
Ten thousand Loves appeared!
There CUPID basking lies;
His shafts are hoarded there!
Her blooming cheeks are dyed
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown!

Her well-turned limbs confess
The lucky hand of JOVE!
Her features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love!
What flames, my nerves invade!
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming Maid
Rise, suing to be prest.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

VENUS round FANNY's waist
Has her own Cestus bound ;
With guardian CUPIDS graced,
Who dance the circle round.
How happy must he be
Who shall her zone unloose !
That bliss to all but me,
May Heaven and she refuse !

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S 'SHERLOCK' ON DEATH.

MISTAKEN Fair! lay *SHERLOCK* by!
His doctrine is deceiving!
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living!

To die, 's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master!
Then, let us only study now
How we may live the faster!

To live, 's to love! to bless! be blest
With mutual inclination!
Share then my ardour in your breast;
And kindly meet my Passion!

But if thus blessed I may not live,
And pity you deny;
To me, at least, your *SHERLOCK* give!
'Tis I must learn to die!

ADVICE TO A LADY, IN AUTUMN.

ASSES' milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before !
Then sleep for an hour, or two, and no more !
At nine, stretch your arms ; and, O, think, when alone
There 's no pleasure in bed ! 'MARY ! bring me my gown !'
Slip on that, ere you rise ! Let your caution be such,
Keep all cold from your breast ; there 's already too much !
Your pinners set right, your twitcher tied on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done ;
Retire to some Author improving and gay,
And, with sense like your own, set your mind for the day !

At twelve, you may walk ! For, at this time o' th' year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear ;
But mark, in the meadows, the ruin of time ;
Take the hint, and let life be improved in its prime !
Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed ;
For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need !

With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit ;
Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit !
Let this be indulged, and let laughter go round ;
As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound !
After dinner, two Glasses, at least, I approve.
Name the first to the King ! and the last to your Love !

Thus, cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
And calm with your joys, gently glide through the day !
The dews of the evening most carefully shun !
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

Then, in chat, or at play ; with a dance, or a Song ;
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along !
All cares, but of Love, banish far from your mind ;
And those you may end, when you please to be kind !

CYNTHIA'S SONG.

WOULD you, with her you love be blest?

Ye Lovers! these Instructions mind!

Conceal the Passion in your breast!

Be dumb, insensible, and blind!

But when, with tender looks you meet,

And see the artless blushes rise,

Be silent, loving, and discreet!

The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,

Where Virtue is with Beauty joined;

Then, boldly like yourself appear!

No more insensible, or blind!

Pour forth the transports of your heart;

And speak your soul without disguise!

'Tis fondness, fondness must impart!

The Oracle no more implies.

Though pleasing, fatal is the snare

That still entraps all Womankind!

Ladies! beware! be wise! take care!

Be deaf, insensible, and blind!

But should some fond deserving Youth

Agree to join in HYMEN's ties;

Be tender! constant! Crown his truth!

The Oracle no more implies. . . .

NATURE AND FORTUNE.

To THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

NATURE and FORTUNE, blithe and gay,
To pass an hour or two,
In frolic mood, agreed to play
At *What shall this man do?*

'Come, I'll be Judge then!' FORTUNE cries,
'And therefore must be blind.'
Then whipped a napkin round her eyes,
And tied it fast behind.

NATURE had now prepared her List
Of Names on scraps of leather;
Which rolled, she gave them each a twist,
And hustled them together.

Thus mixed, whichever came to hand
She very surely drew;
Then bade her Sister give command
For what that man should do.

'Twould almost burst one's sides to hear
What strange commands she gave!
That CIBBER should the Laurel wear;
And C——E, an army have!

At length, when STANHOPE's name was come,
Dame NATURE smiled, and cried,
'Now tell me, Sister! this man's doom;
And what shall him betide!'

'That man,' said FORTUNE, 'shall be one
Blessed both by you and me!'
'Nay! then,' quoth NATURE, 'let 's have done!
Sister! I'm sure you see!'

AN ODE TO ECHO.

DAUGHTER sweet of Voice and Air!
Gentle ECHO! haste thee here,
From the vale, where all around
Rocks to rocks return the sound;
From the swelling surge that roars
'Gainst the tempest-beaten shores;
From the silent moss-grown cell,
Haunt of warbling PHIOMEL;
Where, unseen of Man, you lie,
Queen of Woodland Harmony!
Daughter sweet of Voice and Air!
Gentle ECHO! haste thee here!

Listen, Nymph divine! and learn
Strains to make NARCISSUS burn!
Hark! The Heavenly Song begins!
Air, be still! Breathe soft, ye winds!
Peace, ye noisy feathered Choir!
While DIONE strikes the lyre,
See, each eye, each raptured ear,
Fixed to gaze, and charmed to hear!
All around enchantment reigns,
Such the magic of her strains!
Strains which, if thou canst but learn,
Soon will make NARCISSUS burn!

ECHO! should they fail to move
His obdurate heart to Love,
Borrow (for she well can spare!),
Borrow her enchanting Air!
Learn her ease and elegance
Of motion in the airy dance!
Learn the grace with which she strays
Through the light fantastic maze!
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should NARCISSUS still be cold!
Charms, the least of which must move
His obdurate heart to Love!

THE SHY SHEPHERDESS.

SHEPHERD! [*or* STREPHION!] when thou seest me fly,
Why should that, thy fear create?
Maids may be as often shy
Out of love, as out of hate!
When from you I fly away,
'Tis because I fear to stay!

Did I out of hatred run,
Less would be my pain and care!
But the Youth I love, to shun,
Who that could such a trial bear?
And that such a Swain did see,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go!
Gentle LOVE commands my stay!
Duty's still to LOVE a foe!
Shall I this, or that, obey?
Duty frowns, and CUPID smiles!
That defends, and this beguiles!

Ever by this crystal stream,
I could sit, and hear thee sigh!
Ravished with this pleasing dream;
O, 'tis worse than death to fly!
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings, instead of feet!

If thou lov'st me, Shepherd! leave me!
If I stay, I am undone!
O, thou mayst with ease deceive me!
Prithee, charming Boy! be gone!
Heaven decrees that we must part!
He has my vow; and thou, my heart!

THE AMAZON.

SWAINS, I scorn! who, nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air!
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that 's made for me!

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,
Fops, themselves alone caress !
Let them without rival be ;
They are not the men for me !

He, whose nervous arm can dart
The jav'lin to the tiger's heart,
From all sense of danger free,
He 's the man that 's made for me !

While his speed outstrips the wind,
Loosely wave his locks behind !
From fantastic fopp'ry free,
He 's the man that 's made for me !

Nor simp'ring smile, nor dimple sleek,
Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek ;
By weather let him painted be !
He 's the man that 's made for me !

If false he prove, my jav'lin can
Revenge the perjury of Man !
And soon another, brave as he,
Shall be found the man for me !

ODE

*ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED
IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.*

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers, that blow ;
The pensive Selima reclined,
Demurest of the Tabby kind,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared.
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed ; but, 'midst the tide,
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream.
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
 Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph, with wonder saw.
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize !
What female heart can gold despise !
What cat's a foe to fish !

Presumptuous maid ! With looks intent,
Again she stretched ! again she bent !
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled !)
The slipp'ry verge, her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send !
No dolphin came ! no Nereid stirred !
Nor cruel TOM, nor HARRY, heard !
What fav'rite has a friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved ;
And be, with caution, bold !
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all that glisters, gold !

AN ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her HENRY's holy shade !
And ye that, from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey !
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way !

Ah ! happy hills ! Ah ! pleasing shade !
Ah ! fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow ;
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe ;
And, redolent of Joy and Youth,
To breathe a second Spring !

Say, father THAMES ! (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace)

Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthrall?

What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry!
Still, as they run, they look behind!
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy!

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed;
Less pleasing when possest!
The tear forgot as soon as shed!
The sunshine of the breast!
Theirs, buxom Health of rosy hue!
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born!
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn!

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of Ills to come;
Nor Care, beyond to-day!
Yet see, how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate;
And black Misfortune's baleful Train!
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah! tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear;
The vultures of the mind!
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind!
Or pining Love shall waste their youth;
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart!
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart!

Ambition, this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy!

The stings of Falsehood, those shall try;
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear, it forced to flow!
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled;
 And moody Madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe!

Lo! in the Vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen!
The painful Family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen!
This racks the joints! this fires the veins!
That, every labouring sinew strains!
Those, in the deeper vitals rage!
 Lo! Poverty! to fill the band!
 That numbs the soul with icy hand;
And slow-consuming Age!

See p. 95.

To each, his suff'rings! All are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain!
 Th' unfeeling for his own!
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies!
 Thought would destroy their Paradise!
 No more! Where Ignorance is bliss.
'Tis folly to be wise!

A LONG STORY.

IN Britain's Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands.
The HUNTINGDONS and HATTONS there
Employed the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height ;
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper¹ led the Brawls ;
The Seal and Maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen ;
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it !

¹ HATTON, preferred by Queen ELIZABETH for his graceful person and fine dancing.

(What! in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?)

A House there is (and that's enough!).
From whence, one fatal morning, issues
A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came *cap-à-pie* from France,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling;
Whom meaner Beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon, kind Heaven
Had armed with spirit, wit, and satire:
But COBHAM had the polish given,
And tipped her arrows with good nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her Air—
(Coarse panegyrics would but tease her!)
MELISSA is her *nom de guerre*.
Alas! who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue, and capucine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veiled their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the person of Mr. PURT
(By this time, all the parish know it!),
Had told, 'That thereabouts there lurked
A wicked Imp, they call a Poet.'

'Who prowled the country far and near,
Bewitched the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And sucked the eggs, and killed the pheasants.'

My Lady heard their joint petition;
Swore, by her coronet and ermine!
She'd issue out her High Commission
To rid the Manor of such vermin!

The Heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles, they ventured;
Rapped at the door; nor stayed to ask,
But bounce into the Parlour entered!

The trembling family they daunt!
They flirt! they sing! they laugh! they tattle!
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt;
And upstairs in a whirlwind rattle!

Each hole and cupboard they explore;
Each creek and cranny of his chamber!
Run hurry-skurry round the floor;
And o'er the bed and tester clamber!

Into the drawers and china pry :
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
Under a teacup he might lie ;
Or creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio !

At the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Conveyed him, underneath their hoops,
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says ! (Who will, believe !)
But that they left the door ajar ;
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy ! He little knew
The power of Magic was no fable !
Out of the window, whisk ! they flew ;
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a strange disorder :
Transparent birdlime formed the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did so move him ;
That, will he ! nill he ! to the Great House
He went, as if the Devil drove him !

Yet, on his way (no sign of grace;
For folks in fear are apt to pray !),
To PHÆBUS he preferred his case;
And begged his aid, that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have backed his quarrel;
But, with a blush, on recollection
Owned, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection!

The Court was sat, the culprit there.
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady JANES and JOANS repair;
And from the Gallery stand peeping.

Such as, in silence of the night,
Come, sweep along some winding entry
(STYACK¹ has often seen the sight!),
Or at the Chapel door stand sentry.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnished,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye!
High Dames of Honour once, that garnished
The Drawing Room of fierce Queen MARY.

The Peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission.
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

¹ The Housekeeper.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had, in imagination, fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of SQUIB¹,
And all that GROOM² could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him;
When he the solemn Hall had seen.
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor MACLEANE³.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
'How, in the Park, beneath an old tree
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry!),

'He once, or twice, had penned a Sonnet;
Yet hoped that he might save his bacon!
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a Conjurer taken.'

The ghostly Prudes, with hagg'd face,
Already had condemned the sinner:
My Lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled; and bid him come to dinner!

¹ The Groom of the Chambers.

² The Steward.

³ A famous Highwayman hanged the week before.

Thomas Gray.

'JESU-MARIA ! Madam BRIDGET !

Why ! what can the Viscountess mean ?'
Cried the Square-Hoods, in woeful fidget,
'The Times are altered quite and clean.

'Decorum 's turned to mere Civility !

Her Air and all her manners shew it !
Commend me, to her affability !
Speak to a Commoner ! and Poet !'

[*Here 500 stanzas are lost.*]

And so, GOD save our noble King ;

And guard us from long-winded lubbers !
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her rubbers !

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE¹.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre! awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
 ² From Helicon's harmonious springs,
A thousand rills their mazy progress take
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales and CERES' golden reign!
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour!
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar!

¹ When the Author first published this . . . Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

² The subject and simile, as usual with PINDAR, are united. The various Sources of Poetry, which gives life and

lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic Progress enriching every subject otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of Numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swollen and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous Passions.

¹ O, Sovereign of the willing soul !
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing Airs !
Enchanting Shell ! The sullen cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control !
On Thracia's hills, the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance, at thy command !
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of JOVE, thy magic lulls the feathered King,
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing !
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, the lightnings of his eye !

² Thee, the voice, the dance, obey !
Tempered to thy warbled Lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green,
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen,
On CYTHEREA's Day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures :
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet !
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet !
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare,
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.

¹ Power of Harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of PINDAR.

² Power of Harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding State she wins her easy way!
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love!

II.

¹ *Man's feeble race, what Ills await!*
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping Train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond Complaint, my Song! disprove;
And justify the laws of JOVE!
Say, Has he giv'n in vain the Heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
HYPERION's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

² *In climes beyond the solar road,*
Where shaggy forms, o'er ice-built mountains roam,

¹ *To compensate the real and imaginary Ills of life, the Muse was given to Mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.*

² *Extensive influence of Poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations. Its connection with Liberty, and the virtues that attend on it.*

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode!
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
In loose Numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves !
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame!

¹ Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rirths creep ;
How do your tuneful echoes languish !
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around ;
Ev'ry shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound ;
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.

¹ *Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy: and from Italy to England.* CHAUCER was not unacquainted with the Writings of DANTE, or of PETRARCH. Sir THOMAS WYATT had travelled in Italy; and formed his taste there.

SPENSER imitated the Italian Writers; MILTON improved on them: but this School expired soon after the Restoration; and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power ;
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains !
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost ;
They sought, O, Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast !

III.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling¹ laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face. The dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year !
Thine too, these Golden Keys, immortal Boy !
This can unlock the Gates of Joy !
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears ;
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears !'

Nor second He², that rode sublime
Upon the Seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy !
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time !

¹ SHAKESPEARE.

² MILTON.

The living Throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night!
Behold! where DRYDEN's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the Fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed and long-resounding pace.

Hark! his hands the Lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters, from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn !
¹ But, ah! 'tis heard no more!
O, Lyre divine ! what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle² bear,
Sailing, with supreme dominion,
Through the azure deep of air ;
Yet oft, before his infant eyes, would run
Such Forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun ;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate !
Beneath the Good how far ;—but far above the Great !

¹ We have had, in our language, no other Odes of the sublime kind than that of DRYDEN on St. Cecilia's Day [see Vol. VII, 8]; for COWLEY, who had his merit, yet wanted judgement,

style, and harmony for such a task
That of POPE is not worthy of so great a man.

^x PINDAR.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
The plowman homeward plods his weary way ;
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap.
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed !

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn;
Or busy housewife ply her evening care!
No children run to lisp their sire's return;
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share!

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure!
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple Annals of the Poor!

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour!
The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave!

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to These the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing Anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust;
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Thomas Gray.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire!
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have swayed!
Or waked to ecstasy the living Lyre!

But Knowledge, to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll!
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!

Some village HAMPDEN, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious MILTON, here may rest;
Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood!

Th' applause of listening Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade! Nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues; but their crimes confined!
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame !

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray !
Along the cool sequestered Vale of Life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way !

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh !

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of Fame and Elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die !

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day ;
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring, look behind !

On some fond breast, the parting soul relies !
Some pious drops, the closing eye requires !
E'en from the tomb, the voice of Nature cries !
E'en in our ashes, live their wonted fires !

For thee! who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost, in these lines, their artless Tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him, at the peep of Dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at Noontide, would he stretch ;
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

' One morn, I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree.
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he !

' The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the Churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read !) the Lay,
Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn !'

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown !
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth ;
And Melancholy marked him for her own !*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send !
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear !
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished !) a
friend !*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose ;
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode !
(There, they alike, in trembling hope repose !)
The bosom of his Father and his GOD !*

MATRIMONY.

The rhymes were first put down by a Gentleman, for
the Author to fill up as she pleased.

CHLOE, coquet and debon *air,*
Haughty, flattered, vain, and *fair,*
No longer obstinately *coy,*
Let loose her soul to dreams of *joy!*

She took the Husband to her *arms,*
Resigned her freedom and her *charms,*
Grew tame, and passive to his *will;*
And bid her eyes forbear to *kill!*
But mighty happy still at *heart;*
Nor room was there for pain or *smart.*

At length, she found the name of *Wife*
Was but another word for *strife.*
That cheek, which late out-blushed the *rose,*
Now, with unwonted fury *glows.*
Those tender words, ‘My Dear! I *die!’*
The moving tear, the melting *sigh,*
Were now exchanged for something *new;*
And feigned emotions yield to *true.*

Reproach, debate, and loss of *fame,*
Intrigues, diseases, duns, and *shame;*
No single fault he strives to *hide!*
Madam has virtue, therefore *pride.*

Thus both resent, while neither *spares;*
And curse, but cannot break, their *snares.*

THE LASS OF THE HILL.

ON the brow of a Hill a young Shepherdess dwelt,
Who no pangs of Ambition or Love had e'er felt.
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn, ere she ate, her brown bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health;
And, to folks in a cottage, *Contentment was Wealth.*

Now young ROGER, who lived in the Valley below,
Who at Church and at Market was reckoned a Beau,
Had, many times, tried o'er her heart to prevail ;
And would rest on his pitchfork, to tell her his tale.
With his winning behaviour, he melted her heart ;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art !

He had sighed and protested, had kneeled and implored ;
And could lie with the grandeur and Air of a Lord !
Then, her eyes he commended in language well drest,
And enlarged on the torments that troubled his breast,
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That, in downright compassion, to Love she inclined.

Mary Jones.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreast!
And, at noon, he goes flaunting all over the Vale;
Where he boasts of his conquest to SUSAN and NELL.
Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste;
And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest!

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head;
And her thoughts are so pestered, she scarce earns
her bread!

The whole village cry 'Shame!', when a milking she
goes,

That so little affection is shewed to the cows;
But she heeds not their railing! E'en let them rail on!
And a fig for the cows! now her Sweetheart is gone.

Now, beware, ye young Virgins of Britain's gay Isle!
How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile!
For CUPID is artful, and Virgins are frail;
And you'll find a false ROGER in every vale!
Who, to court you, and tempt you, will try all his skill:
But remember the Lass on the brow of the Hill!

YOUNG DAPHNE was the prettiest Maid
The eyes of LOVE could see;
And but one fault the Charmer had,
'Twas cruelty to me!
No Swain that e'er the Nymph adored,
Was fonder, or was younger;
Yet when her pity I implored,
'Twas 'Stay a little longer!'

It chanced I met the blooming Fair,
One May morn, in the grove,
When CUPID whispered in my ear,
'Now, now, 's the time for love!'
I clasped the Maid. It waked her pride.
'What! did I mean to wrong her? '
'Not so, my gentle Dear!' I cried,
But LOVE will stay no longer!'

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore
How much I loved! how well!
And that my heart, which beat for her,
With her should ever dwell!
Consent stood speaking in the eye
Of all my care's prolonger;
Yet DAPHNE uttered, with a sigh,
'Oh! stay a little longer!'

The conflict in her soul I saw
'Twixt Virtue and Desire,
'O, come!' I cried, 'let HYMEN's law
Give sanction to Love's fire!'
Ye Lovers! guess how great my joys!
Could rapture well prove stronger,
When Virtue spoke, in DAPHNE's voice,
'You, now, shall stay no longer!'

COLIN'S SUCCESS.

To woo me, and win me, and kiss, and all that,
Young COLIN tripped over the plain,
He saw me, he blushed, and he played with his hat;
So I bid him return 'back again!
'Ah! PHILLIS!' he cried, 'from the cottage I've
strayed,
In hopes you'd be kind to your Swain!
O, grant me a kiss!' 'You may take it!' I said,
'But pray never attempt it again!'

Emboldened by this, he sat down at my side,
The favour so small to obtain;
I know not how 'twas; but he softened my pride,
So I cried, 'You may kiss me again!'
My bosom grew warm, and my heart beat in haste;
While rapture empowered the fond Swain:
And trust me, ye Fair!—for I held him so fast,
That he could not return back again!

YOUNG COLIN protests, I'm his joy and delight!
He 's ever unhappy, when I'm from his sight!
He wants to be with me, wherever I go.
The Deuce, sure, is in him, for plaguing me so!

His pleasure, all day, is to sit by my side.
He pipes and he sings; though I frown and I chide.
I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says 'No!'.
The Deuce must be in him, for plaguing me so!

He often requests me, his pain to relieve.
I ask him, What favour he hopes to receive?
His answer 's a sigh; while in blushes I glow.
What mortal besides him, would plague a Maid so?

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the Wake,
He softly intreated I'd wear for his sake!
Such trifles, 'tis easy enough to bestow!
I, sure, deserve more, for his plaguing me so!

He hands me, each eve, to the cot from the plain;
He meets me, each morn, to conduct me again.
But what 's his intention, I wish I could know!
For I'd rather be married, than plagued with him so!

WHEN DAMON met PHILLIS first on the gay Green,
He kissed her, and called her 'his heart's little Queen!'
'Such rudeness!' she said, 'I your title disdain!
And pray, never offer to kiss me again!'
He, who little skill in the Sex had acquired,
Believed, simple Youth! she spoke what she desired
He told her, How hard an injunction she laid!
She knew it was hard, that he took what she said.

Her fancy now whispered more kindness to show,
One kiss had instructed her bosom to glow.
Her heart thus the Shepherd ensnared by a whim.
She thought he loved her. She was sure she loved him!
He'd let his flocks rove, for her sake, all the day;
And say such soft things as all soft Lovers say:
But, as she'd forbid him, her lips were forgot!
Could this be called Courtship? I really think not!

At length, by good luck, he took courage and cried,
'Will CHLOE consent to be COLIN's sweet Bride?'
She grew in a passion, but cooled by degrees;
Yet made him no answer but 'Yes! if you please!'
And now she 's a Wife, she 's no longer a Prude;
The station has soothed her to what she thought rude.
For, now, when a kiss she receives from her Swain,
Her heart beats with raptures to kiss him again!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First reared the Stage, immortal SHAKESPEARE rose!
Each change of many-coloured life he drew;
Exhausted Worlds, and then imagined new!
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;
And panting Time toiled after him in vain!
His powerful strokes presiding Truth imprest;
And unresisted Passion stormed the breast!

Then JONSON came, instructed from the School,
To please in method, and invent by rule.
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach assayed the heart!
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring Bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise!
A mortal born, he met the general doom;
But left, like Egypt's Kings, a lasting tomb.

The Wits of CHARLES found easier ways to fame;
Nor wished for JONSON's art, or SHAKESPEARE's flame!
Themselves, they studied! As they felt, they writ!
Intrigue was Plot! Obscenity was Wit!
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their Age, and did not aim to mend!
Yet Bards like these aspired to lasting praise;
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days!
Their Cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of Tragedy declined.
From Bard to Bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roared, while Passion slept:
Yet still did Virtue deign the Stage to tread;
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled!
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit;
She saw great *FAUSTUS* lay the ghost of Wit.
Exulting Folly hailed the glorious day;
And Pantomine and Song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the Stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant Times explore,
New BEHNS, new D'URFEYS, yet remain in store!

Perhaps, where LEAR has raved, and HAMLET died,
On flying cars, new Sorcerers may ride!
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance!)
Here HUNT may box; or MAHOMET may dance!

Hard is his lot, that, here by Fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of Taste!
With every meteor of Caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown Bubbles of the Day!

Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice!
The Stage but echoes back the public voice!
The Drama's laws, the Drama's Patrons give!
For we, that live to please, must please to live!

Then, prompt no more the follies you decry;
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die!
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature, and reviving Sense!
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth and salutary Woe!
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising Age;
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my Fair! where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise!
The naked hill! the leafless grove!
The hoary ground! the frowning skies!

Not only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter! is thy force confessed!
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign!
I feel thy power usurp my breast!

Enliven Hope and fond Desire,
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care!
Scarce frightened Love maintains her fire,
And Rapture saddens to Despair!

In groundless Hope and causeless Fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom!
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom!

Tired with vain joys, and false alarms;
With mental and corporeal strife;
Snatch me, my STELLA! to thy arms,
And shield me from the Ills of Life!

Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

A NEW PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1750,

AT THE REPRESENTATION OF ‘COMUS,’

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. ELIZABETH FOSTER,

MILTON’s

GRAND-DAUGHTER, AND ONLY SURVIVING DESCENDANT.

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England’s fame!
Ye Nymphs, whose bosoms beat at MILTON’s name;
Whose gen’rous zeal, unbought by flatt’ring rhymes,
Shames the mean Pensions of Augustan Times!
Immortal Patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this Prelude of perpetual praise!
Let Wit, condemned the feeble war to wage
With close Malevolence or public Rage,
Let Study, worn with Virtue’s fruitless lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more!

This night, distinguished by your smile, shall tell,
That never Briton can, in vain, excel!

The slighted Arts, futurity shall trust;
And rising Ages hasten to be just!

At length, our mighty Bard's victorious Lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled Spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to Renown the centuries to come!
With ardent haste, each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name!

He sees, and pitying sees, vain Wealth bestow
Those pageant honours, which he scorned below.
While crowds aloft the Laureate Bust behold,
Or trace his form in circulating gold;
Unknown, unheeded, long his Offspring lay,
And Want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring Muse her morning dreams inspire;
Yet softer claims, the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age!
Hers the mild merits of domestic life;
The patient suff'rer, and the faithful Wife!

Thus graced with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her Grandsire leaves her in BRITANNIA's arms!
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell;
While tutelary nations guard her cell!

Yours is the charge, ye Fair! ye Wise! ye Brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave!

TO STELLA.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;
Nor all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight !

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store ;
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That Heroes, Kings, or Poets claim ;
Nor knowledge which the Learn'd approve ;
To form one wish my soul can move !

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes ;
And Knowledge, Wealth, and Fame I prize !
Fame, Wealth, and Knowledge I obtain ;
Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain !
In lovely STELLA all combine ;
And, lovely STELLA ! thou art mine !

THE GOBLET OF WINE.

My temples, with clusters of grapes I'll entwine;
And barter all joys for a Goblet of Wine!
In search of a VENUS no longer I'll run;
But stop, and forget her, at BACCHUS's Tun!

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the Fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair!
And what mighty charms can be found in a Glass,
If not filled to the Health of a favourite Lass?

'Tis Woman, whose charms every rapture impart;
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart!
The Miser himself, so supreme is her sway!
Grows a convert to Love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head;
And Poverty listens, well pleased, from her shed:
While Age, in an ecstasy, goes hobbling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her Song.

Then bring me a Goblet from BACCHUS's hoard;
The largest and deepest that stands on his board!
I'll fill up a Brimmer, and drink to the Fair!
'Tis the thirst of a Lover; and pledge me who dare!

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME!

I'M lonesome, since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my SALLY!
I seek no more the fine, or gay;
For each does but remind me,
How swift the hours did pass away
With the Girl I've left behind me!

O, ne'er shall I forget the night—
The stars were bright above me,
And gladly lent their silv'ry light—
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp!
Kind Heaven! then, pray guide me;
And send me safely back again
To the Girl I've left behind me!

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of HOMER;
One only theme should fill my Lays!
The charms of my true Lover!
So, let the night be e'er so dark
Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind Heaven! send me back again
To the Girl I've left behind me!

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair ;
 Her eyes, like diamonds shining !
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swan repining !
Ye Gods above ! O, hear my prayer !
 To my beauteous Fair to bind me ;
And send me safely back again
 To the Girl I've left behind me !

The bee shall honey taste no more,
 The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
 Ere I shall seek to change her !
The vows we registered above
 Shall ever cheer, and bind me
In constancy to her I love !
 The Girl I've left behind me !

My mind her form shall still retain
 In sleeping, or in waking,
Until I see my Love again ;
 For whom my heart is breaking !
If ever I return that way,
 And she should not decline me ;
I evermore will live and stay
 With the Girl I've left behind me !

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR CHLOE! while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly's maze advance,
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside;
 Nor join the giddy dance!

From the gay World we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire;
 Where love our hours employs.
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys!

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
 And they are fools who roam!
The World has nothing to bestow!
From our own selves, our joys must flow;
 And that dear hut, our home!

Of rest was NOAH's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, she left
That safe retreat, the Ark.
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn HYMEN's gentle powers :
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That Marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below !

Our babes shall richest comforts bring !
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise !
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that 's manly, good, and fair :
And train them for the skies !

While they, our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs !
They'll grow in virtue every day ;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares !

No borrowed joys! They're all our own!
While to the World we live unknown;
 Or by the World forgot.
Monarchs! we envy not your State!
We look with pity on the Great;
 And bless our humble lot!

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then, how little do we need!
 For Nature's calls are few!
In this, the Art of Living lies,
To want no more than may suffice;
 And make that little do!

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence hath sent;
 Nor aim beyond our power!
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to *enjoy* it *all*,
 Nor lose the present hour!

To be resigned, when ills betide;
Patient, when favours are denied;
 And pleased with favours given:
Dear CHLOE! this is Wisdom's part!
This is that incense of the heart;
 Whose fragrance smells to Heaven!

We'll ask no long-protracted treat
(Since winter-life is seldom sweet!):

But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise;
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store!

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go!
Its chequered paths of Joy and Woe,

With cautious steps, we'll tread!
Quit its vain scenes, without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear;
And mingle with the dead!

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy Vale attend,

And cheer our dying breath!
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind Angel, whisper peace;
And smooth the bed of death!

THE FAIR THIEF.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow!
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the Morn!
Stole all the sweetness ether sheds
On primrose buds and violet beds!

Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles!
She stole AURORA's balmy breath;
And pilfered orient pearl for teeth!
The cherry, dipped in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue!

These were her Infant spoils a store;
And she, in time, still pilfered more!
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her Air and love-commanding mien!
Stole JUNO's dignity! and stole
From PALLAS sense to charm the soul!

APOLLO's wit was next her prey!
Her next, the beam that lights the day!
She sang;—amazed, the Sirens heard;
And to assert their voice appeared!
She played;—the Muses, from their Hill,
Wondered who thus had stole their skill!

Great JOVE approved her crimes and art;
And, t'other day, she stole my heart!
If Lovers, CUPID! are thy care;
Exert your vengeance on this Fair!
To trial bring her stolen charms;
And let her prison be my arms!

' WHILE, STREPHON ! thus you tease one
To say, What won my heart ?
It cannot, sure, be treason,
If I the truth impart !

"Twas not your smile, though charming !
'Twas not your eyes, though bright !
'Twas not your bloom, though warming !
Nor beauty's dazzling light !

"Twas not your dress, though shining ;
Nor shape, that made me sigh !
'Twas not your tongue, combining ;
For that, I knew—might lie !

' No ! 'Twas your generous nature,
Bold, soft, sincere, and gay !
It shone in every feature,
And stole my heart away ! '

How easy was COLIN, how blithe and how gay !
Ere he met the fair CHLORIS, how sprightly his Lay !
So graceful her form, so accomplished her mind,
'Sure, pity,' he thought, 'with such charms must be joined !'

Whenever she danced, or whenever she sung ;
How just was her motion ! how sweet was her tongue !
And when the Youth told her his passionate flame,
She allowed him to fancy her heart felt the same.

With ardour he pressed her to think him sincere ;
But, alas ! she redoubled each hope and each fear !
She would not deny ; nor she would not approve :
And she neither refused him ; nor gave him her love !

Now cheered by complaisance, now froze by disdain ;
He languished for freedom, but languished in vain !
Till THYRSIS, who pitied so helpless a slave,
Eased his heart of its pain, by the counsel he gave.

'Forsake her,' said he, 'and reject her a while !
If she love you, she soon will return with a smile !
You can judge of her Passion by absence alone ;
And by absence will conquer her heart—or your own !'

This advice he pursued : but the remedy proved
Too fatal, alas ! to the Fair One he loved !
Which cured his own Passion : but left her, in vain,
To sigh for a heart she could never regain !

' You tell me, I'm handsome, I know not how true!
And easy, and chatty, and good-humoured too ;
That my lips are as red as the rosebud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune :
All this has been told me, by twenty before ;
But he that would win me, must flatter me more !

' If Beauty, from Virtue receive no supply ;
Or Prattle, from Prudence ; how wanting am I !
My ease and good humour short raptures will bring ;
And my voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a
Spring !
For charms such as these, then, your praises give o'er !
To love me for life, you must love me for more !

' Then, talk to me not of a shape, or an Air ;
For CLOE, the wanton, can rival me there !
' Tis Virtue alone, that makes Beauty look gay ;
And brightens Good Humour, as sunshine the day !
For that, if you love me, your flame shall be true ;
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too !

How blessed has my time been! what days have I known!
Since wedlock's soft bondage made JESSE my own.
So joyful my heart is; so easy, my chain;
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain!

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we
stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play.
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see;
And borrow their looks from my JESSE and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In Revels all day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me, at night, with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue;
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through!
TIME still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth;
And gives to her mind, what he steals from her youth!

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare;
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous Fair!
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home!

WHEN SAPPHO tuned the raptured strain;
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain!
With art divine, the lyre she strung;
Like thee, she played! like thee, she sung!

For while she struck the quivering wire,
The eager breast was all on fire!
And when she joined the vocal Lay,
The captive soul was charmed away!

But had she added still to these,
Thy softer, chaster, power to please,
Thy beauteous Air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain!
She ne'er had played and sung in vain!
Despair had ne'er her soul possest,
To dash on rocks the tender breast!

THY fatal shafts unerring move!
I bow before thine altar, LOVE!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze, my bosom glows!
My blood, in tides tempestuous flows!
Hope, Fear, and Joy alternate roll;
And floods of transports whelm my soul!

My faltering tongue attempts, in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain!
My tongue, some secret magic ties;
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemned to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard, I mourn! unknown, I sigh!
Unfriended, live! unpitied, die!

LET the Nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the Swain,
Who in transports of Passion affects to complain:
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown!

But the Shepherd whom CUPID has pierced to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or, in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes:
And his heart own your sway, in a tribute of sighs:
But when he accosts you in meadow, or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love!

'To fix her! 'Twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain!
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil!'

'I know it, friend! She 's light as air!
False as the fowler's artful snare!
Inconstant as the passing wind!
As Winter's dreary frost unkind!

'She 's such a miser too in love,
Its joys She'll neither share, nor prove;
Though hundreds of Gallants await
From her victorious eyes, their fate!

'Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain!
My reason summon to my aid;
Resolved no more to be betrayed!

'Ah! friend! 'Tis but a short-lived trance,
Dispelled by one enchanting glance!
She need but look; and I confess
Those looks completely curse, or bless!

'So soft! so elegant! so fair!
Sure, something more than human 's there!
I must submit; for strife is vain!
'Twas Destiny that forged the chain!'

BEHOLD ! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale !

Fill a Bumper, and toss off your Glasses !

Buss and part with your frolicsome Lasses !

Then aboard, and unfurl the wide-flowing sail !

CHORUS. While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls ;
To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The Wealth and Empire of the Sea !

Our canvas and cares, to the winds we display !

Life and fortune we cheerfully venture !

And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter ;
Nor think of to-morrow, while sure of to-day !

CHORUS. While British oak beneath us rolls, &c.

The streamers of France, at a distance appear !

We must mind other music than Catches !

Man our Quarters, and handle our Matches !

Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare !

CHORUS. While British oak beneath us rolls, &c.

Engendered in smoke, and delivered in flame ;

British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder !

Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,

So victory follows, with riches and fame !

CHORUS. While British oak beneath us rolls, &c.

ODE TO BLUE-EYED ANN.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
And Ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla 's lost;
When heavenly bodies cease to move;
My blue-eyed ANN I'll cease to love!

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
Nor swelling buds proclaim the Spring,
Nor parching heats the Dog Star bring,
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed ANN I cease to love!

No more shall joy in Hope be found,
Nor Pleasures dance their frolic round,
Nor Love's light God inhabit Earth,
Nor Beauty give the Passion birth,
Nor heat to Summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-eyed NANNY I deceive!

When rolling Seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range.
When lavish May no more shall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a sweet perfume;
When Nature from her sphere shall start;
I'll tear my NANNY from my heart!

ATTEND, all ye Nymphs and ye Swains of the Green!
For you, I've roved the plains round!
Whole months I've been prying; and now I have seen
Where smiling CONTENT 's to be found!
Come quickly with me, and I'll show you the way
To the spot, where he chose his retreat!
You must fly from these plains, to be easy and gay;
And near him, must take up your Seat!

I sought him 'mongst crowds, and in each gaudy place;
But those were the Mansions of Care!
In the Palace of Greatness unknown was his face;
Contentment had never been there!
I hied me to roofs that invited to Joys;
Hope tempted me thither to rove:
But rude was their Wit, and their Pleasure was noise;
Though they beckoned to Peace and to Love.

And, at last, near a brook, to a Cottage I strayed,
With a few simple sheep on the Green,
The rose and the woodbine their sweetness displayed,
Not Plenty, but Health blessed the scene.
Good Nature appeared, and unlatched me the door;
Nor knew what my coming there meant.
How great my surprise! Here, my search was all o'er!
For he told me, his name was CONTENT.

THE JUDICIOUS LOVER.

THOUGH that face, matchless NANCY ! may blush like
the morn,

And fill us with love and surprise ;
Yet think not, my Dear ! that an insolent scorn
Is an absolute mark of the skies !

The Graces, with lustre unequalled may shine ;
But an honest admirer will find
That the tints of the cheek are not half so divine
As the beauties which spring in the mind !

A lip pouting ripe, or a ringlet of hair,
With indiff'rence I oft have withstood ;
And spoke of a face the most perfectly fair,
As a compound of mere flesh and blood !

To no sad extreme of despair ever drove,
My sentiments once did I hide ;
Or think the poor nonsense of Beauty and Love
An excuse for Ill-nature and Pride !

The Virgin, for whom I am fated to sigh,
Must be wholly divested of art !
Must have all the Graces to beam in her eye ;
And the Virtues to dwell in her heart !

Her breast with that exquisite fire must be fraught,
Which on mine has so tenderly stole,
That thought, all transported, may meet against
thought;
And soul fondly spring up to soul! . . .

No NYMPH of the plain I can find,
With my own little wench to compare!
No Maid is so gentle and kind,
Or so sweetly engaging and fair!

No praise has she e'er strove to gain
At the strictest discretion's expense!
Though generous, never was vain;
And though witty, she always has sense!

Though her brightness she possibly took
From the radiant effulgence of noon;
Yet she'd blush to behold such a look
As ENDYMION received from the Moon!

She 's one complication of grace,
Without vanity, falsehood, or art;
And possesses the loveliest face,
With the best and the gentlest heart!

How blessed am I, Shepherds declare!
Who my fondness for MIRA have known;
Since a Maid so deserving and fair,
I can honestly say, is my own!

THE SUMMIT OF HUMAN FELICITY.

NEAR Richmond's bright vales, in a charming retreat,
A mansion engagingly stands ;
Not expensively raised, but commodiously neat,
And possesses some neighbouring lands.

There BELMOUR, with matchless CLARINDA retired,
From life's noisy glare has removed.
By the villas around both esteemed and admired ;
And at home both respected and loved.

With his soul's dearest partner, the morn does he pass
In the sweetest enjoyment and ease :
And, at dinner, some well-chosen friends, o'er a glass,
Are allowed to do just what they please !

His cellars, with true hospitality stored,
Give a welcome most cordially warm :
For Plenty and Freedom preside at his board ;
And Contentment takes care of the farm.

The poor, at his presence, throw wretchedness by ;
Their blessings alone to employ.
The heart of the fatherless ceases to sigh ;
And the widow's is leaping for joy !

Thus, reaching the summit of all human bliss,
With no care is he ever perplexed ;
But happily glides through a life such as this,
To meet endless delight in the next.

FAIR DELIA.

SICK of the World, fair DELIA flew
To Contemplation's rural Seat.
'Adieu!' she cried, 'vain World! Adieu!
Fools only study to be Great!'
The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
The moss-grown roof, and matted floor;
All these she had. 'Twas mighty well!
But yet she wanted something more!

Back to the busy World again,
She soon returned, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart, and peace of mind.
Gay scenes of grandeur, every hour,
By turns, her fickle fancy fill.
The World seemed all within her power;
But yet she wanted something still!

Cities and groves, by turns, were tried.
'Twas all, ye Fair! an idle tale!
DELIA, at length, became a Bride,
A Bride to DAMON of the Vale.
Behold! at once, the gloom was cleared!
DAMON grew kind, I can't tell how!
Each place a Paradise appeared!
And DELIA wanted nothing now!

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There, beauteous EMMA flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blessed, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When May's sweet mornings break!

Nor let the pride of Great Ones scorn
This Charmer of the plains!
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns!

Long had she filled each Youth with love,
Each Maiden with despair:
And, though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of Swains !
A soul that knew no art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too revealed !
For neither bosom lodged a wish
That Virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last ;
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His Sister, who, like ENVY formed,
Like her in mischief joyed,
To work them harm, with wicked will,
Each darker art employed.

The Father too, a sordid man,
Who love, nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved ;
Then, with a father's frown, at last,
Had sternly disapproved.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing Passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love!

Denied her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance; to mark the spot
 Where EMMA walked and wept.

Oft too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his softened soul,
 The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glowed,
 A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

‘Tis past!’ he cried, ‘but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love!’

She came, his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear!
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear!

But O, his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbade what EMMA came to say,
'My EDWIN! live for me!'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The Churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl screamed
Her Lover's Funeral Song!

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush, his hovering shade!
His groan in every sound!

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
The visionary vale,
When, lo! the death bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then, she reached, with trembling step,
Her agèd mother's door.
'He 's gone!' she cried, 'and I shall see
That angel face no more!'

'I feel! I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side!'

From her white arm down sank her head,
She shivering sighed, and died.

THE RECRUITING SERJEANT'S SONG.

ADIEU! for a while, to the town and its trade!

Adieu! to the meadow and rake!

Our Country, my Boys! calls aloud for our aid;
And shall we that Country forsake?

It never was known, that true hearts like our own

From hardships, or hazards, would flinch!

Let our foes then unite! We will shew them, in fight,
What Britons can do at a pinch!

A slave may he be! who will not agree

To join with his neighbours, and sing,

'That the brave and the free (such, Britons! are we!)
Live but for their Country and King!'

*THE BIRKS OF [ENDERMAY OR]
INVERMAY.*

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal Lay !
Let us, AMANDA ! timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
And, in soft raptures, waste the day
Among the Birks of Endermay !

For soon the Winter of the year,
And Age, Life's Winter, will appear !
At this, thy living bloom will fade ;
As that will strip the verdant shade !
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er !
The feathered songsters love no more !
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu, the Birks of Endermay !

[‘The lav’rocks now and lintwhites sing!
The rocks around with echoes ring!
The mavis and the blackbird vie
In tuneful strains to glad the day!
The woods now wear their summer suits!
To mirth all Nature now invites!
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the Birks of Invermay!]

‘Behold, the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound!
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams!
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice!
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the Birks of Invermay!]

‘Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my Love to gladness call!
The wanton waves sport in the beams;
And fishes play throughout the streams!
The circling Sun does now advance;
And all the Planets round him dance!
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the Birks of Invermay! ’]

A SONG FOR RANELAGH GARDENS.

YE Belles! and ye Flirts! and ye pert Little Things!
Who trip in this frolicsome Round,
Pray tell me, From whence this indecency springs,
The Sexes at once to confound?
What means the cocked hat, and the masculine Air;
With each motion designed to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languish:—not stare!
And softness, the test of your Sex....

The VENUS, whose statue delights all Mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view;
And kindly should seem, by the Artist designed,
To serve as a model for you!
Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her Air;
Nor venture too much to reveal!
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care;
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure!
O, be but yourselves! and our homage we'll pay;
And your empire is solid and sure!
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives;
You may do very well for Sisters and Aunts!
But believe me, you'll never be Wives!

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare
(Whom PLATO's philosophic care
Had formed for Virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too),
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel :
And as he passed the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smacked the thong,
The idiot wonder they exprest
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His Master what his art could do ;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confessed its fright.
The Wood Nymphs startled at the sight.
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.

How'er, the Youth, with forward Air,
Bows to the Sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring ;

And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal returned;
With nobler thirst his bosom burned!
And now, along th' indented plain,
The selfsame track he marks again;
Pursues, with care, the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd;
The Youths with emulation glowed.
E'en bearded Sages hailed the boy;
And all, but PLATO, gazed with joy.

For he, deep-judging Sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the Charioteer drew nigh,
And, flushed with hope, had caught his eye,
'Alas! unhappy Youth!' he cried,
'Expect no praise from me!' and sighed.
'With indignation, I survey
Such skill and judgement thrown away!
The time profusely squandered there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employed, at less expense,
Had taught thee Honour! Virtue! Sense!
And raised thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the State!'

JE NE SAIS QUOI!

YES, I'm in love! I feel it now;
And CÆLIA has undone me!
And yet I'll swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me!

'Tis not her face that love creates;
For there no Graces revel!
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil!

'Tis not her Air; for, sure, in that
There's nothing more than common:
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman!

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm!
'Twas both perhaps; or neither!
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of CÆLIA all together!

THE THREE VERNONS.

HENRIETTA's serious charms
Awe the breast her beauty warms!
See, she blushes! LOVE presumes!
See, she frowns! He drops his plumes!
Dancing—lighter o'er the ocean
Was not CY THEREA's motion!
Speaking—Art repines to see
The triumph of Simplicity!

Lips, that smile a thousand meanings,
Humid with Hyblæan gleanings!
Eyes, that glitter into Wit!
Wanton Mirth, with Fancy smit!
Arch *naïveté*, that wanders
In each dimpling cheek's meanders,
Shedding roses, shifting graces,
Through a face that's twenty faces!
Sweet assemblage! All combine
In pretty, playful' CAROLINE.

Sober as the Matron's air!
Modest as the cloistered Fair!
Patient till new Springs disclose
The bud of promised Beauty's rose!
Waving Praise's perfumed breath
Ensures it young ELIZABETH.

Lovely Three! whose future reign
Shall sing some younger, sweeter Swain! . . .

ANNA GRENVILLE, COUNTESS TEMPLE

APPOINTED POET LAUREATE TO

THE KING OF THE FAIRIES.

Written, at the desire of Lady SUFFOLK, January 3, 1763.

*By these presents, be it known
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and Fairies, Elves and Sprites,
Beauteous Dames and gallant Knights,
That We, OBERON the Grand,
Emperor of Fairy Land,
King of Moonshine, Prince of Dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-Treasurer of all the graces
Dispersed through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the Flipper's Order
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the Sylphic Faith,
Declare—and thus your Monarch saith.*

Whereas there is a noble Dame
Whom mortals, Countess TEMPLE name,
To whom Ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence
Which, scorning Art and veiling Sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains; and never Art!

This Lady, 'tis Our Royal Will
Our Laureate's vacant seat should fill!
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brows, and guard her Lays!
Of Nectar-Sack an acorn cup
Be, at her board, each year, filled up!
And as each Quarter Feast comes round,
A Silver Penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe!
And so We bid you all, Adieu!

Given at our Palace of Cowslip Castle, the
shortest night of the year.

OBERON.

THE PARISH REGISTER OF TWICKENHAM.

Written about 1758.

WHERE silver Thames, round Twit'nam meads
His winding current sweetly leads,
Twit'nam, the Muses' fav'rite Seat!
Twit'nam, the Graces' loved retreat!

There, polished ESSEX wont to sport;
The pride and victim of a Court!

There, BACON tuned the grateful lyre
To soothe ELIZA's haughty ire!
Ah! happy had no meaner strain
Than friendship's dashed his mighty vein!

Twit'nam, where HYDE, majestic Sage,
Retired from Folly's frantic Stage;
While his vast soul was hung on tenters
To mend the World, and vex Dissenters.

Twit'nam, where frolic WHARTON revelled!
Where MONTAGU, with locks dishevelled
(Conflict of dirt and warmth divine!),
Invoked, and scandalized, the Nine!

Where POPE, in moral music spoke
To the anguished soul of BOLINGBROKE,
And whispered, How true genius errs,
Preferring joys that Power confers:
Bliss never to great minds arising
From ruling Worlds; but from despising!

Where FIELDING met his bunter Muse;
And, as they quaffed the fiery juice,

Droll Nature stamped each lucky hit
With inimaginable wit!

Where SUFFOLK sought the peaceful scene ;
Resigning Richmond to the Queen ;
And all the glory, all the teasing,
Of pleasing one not worth the pleasing !

Where FANNY, ever-blooming Fair !
Ejaculates the graceful Prayer ;
And 'scaped from Sense, with Nonsense smit,
For WHITFIELD's cant, leaves STANHOPE's wit.

Amid this Choir of sounding names
Of Statesmen, Bards, and beauteous Dames,
Shall the last Trifler of the throng
Enroll his own, such names among ?
O, no ! Enough, if I consign
To lasting types their notes divine !
Enough, if Strawberry's humble Hill
The title-page of fame shall fill !

WHAT a rout do you make for a single poor kiss !
I seized it, 'tis true ! and I ne'er shall repent it !
May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think 'twas amiss !
But for me, I thank dear CY THEREA ! who sent it !

You may pout, and look prettily cross ; but I pray
What business, so near to my lips had your cheek ?
If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
Saints ! resist if ye can ; but, for me, I'm too weak !

But come, my sweet FANNY! our quarrel let's end!
Nor will I, by force, what you gave not, retain!
By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend!
If you say, that I stole it; why, take it again!

THE ADVICE.

'THE business of Woman, dear CHLOE! is Pleasure;
And, by love, ev'ry Fair One her minutes should measure!
"O, for Love, we're all ready!" you cry. Very true!
Nor would I rob the gentle fond God of his due!
Unless in the sentiments CUPID has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart,
'Tis tumult! disorder! 'tis loathing and hate!
Caprice gives it birth; and Contempt is its fate!

'True Passion insensibly leads to the joy;
And grateful Esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy!
Yet here, you should stop! But your whimsical Sex,
Such romantic ideas to Passion annex,
That poor Men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To Nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried!
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head!

LEFT ON THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY'S TOILET,
THE AUTHOR FINDING HER FROM HOME.

To many a KITTY, LOVE his car
Would for a day engage;
But PRIOR's KITTY, ever fair,
Retains it for an Age!

See Vol. VIII, p. 84.

SONGS FROM 'LOVE IN A VILLAGE.'

1763.

THERE was a jolly Miller once
Lived on the river Dee,
He worked and sang, from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he!
And this, the burden of his Song,
For ever used to be,
I care for nobody, not I!
If no one cares for me!'

Rossetta. HOPE! thou Nurse of young Desire!
Fairy promiser of joy!
Painted vapour! glow-worm fire!
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy!

Lucinda. Hope! thou earnest of delight!
Softest soother of the mind!
Balmy cordial! prospect bright!
Surest friend the wretched find!

Both. Kind deceiver, flatter still!
Deal out pleasures unpossessed!
With thy dreams my fancy fill;
And in wishes make me blessed!

DEAR CHLOE! what means this disdain,
Which blasts each endeavour to please?
Though forty, I'm free from all pain!
Save love, I am free from disease!

No Graces, my mansion have fled!
No Muses have broken my lyre!
The Loves frolic still round my bed;
And Laughter is cheered at my fire!

To none, have I ever been cold!
All Beauties in vogue I'm among!
I've appetite e'en for the old;
And spirit enough for the young!

Believe me, sweet Girl! I speak true;
Or else put my love to the test!
Some others have doubted like you!
Like them, do you bless and be blest!

THOUGH his Passion in silence the Youth would conceal,
What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal ;
And, by soft stolen glances, unwillingly prove
That they are the tell-tales of CELADON's love.

To the Grove, to the Green, to the Dance, to the Fair,
Wherever I go, my blithe Shepherd is there !
I know the fond Youth by his blush, by his smile ;
And, surely, such looks were not meant to beguile !

Though indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon Love !
If he talk to another, with pleasure I see,
Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to me !

Sometimes, I command him, his speech to refrain ;
But, alas ! my resolves ! I command it in vain !
For, when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue,
I forget my commands ; and resume it anew !

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear
He should speak what I dread, and yet wish, most to
hear !
Should he mention his love, though my pride should
deny,
My heart whispers, ' CELIA ! fond CELIA ! comply ! '

THE JOYS OF LOVE NEVER FORGOT.

DEAR CHLOE ! while thus, beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your Youth of its pleasure ;
 And hoard up an Old Age of pain !
Your maxim, *That Love 's only founded
 On charms that will quickly decay !*
You'll find to be very ill grounded ;
 When once you its dictates obey.

The Passion from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness would vastly improve !
Your sight and your smiles are the Dawn,
 Possession 's the Sunshine, of Love !
And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies ;
 Yet we ne'er shall forget it was Day

Old DARBY, with JOAN by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder!
He is dropsical, she is sore-eyed;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder!
Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
And, at night, when old DARBY's pot 's out,
 His JOAN will not smoke a whiff more!

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
Then, What are the charms, can you guess?
 That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of Youth,
 The endearments which that did bestow!
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below!

Those traces for ever will last,
 Where Sickness and Time can't remove!
For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these!
The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit Old Age cannot freeze!

KITTY's charming Voice and Face,
Siren-like, first caught my fancy.
Wit and Humour next take place ;
And now I dote on sprightly NANCY !

KITTY tunes her pipe, in vain,
With Airs most languishing and dying;
Calls me 'false ungrateful Swain !'
And tries, in vain, to shoot me, flying.

NANCY, with restless art,
Always humorous, gay, and witty,
Has talked herself into my heart;
And quite excluded tuneful KITTY.

Ah ! KITTY ! LOVE, a wanton Boy,
Now pleased with Song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has changed his whistle for a rattle !

A SCHOLAR first my love implored;
And then an empty titled Lord.
The Pedant talked in lofty strains!
Alas! his Lordship wanted brains!
I listened not to one or t'other;
But straight referred them to my mother.

A Poet next my love assailed,
A Lawyer hoped to have prevailed;
The Bard too much approved himself,
The Lawyer thirsted after pelf.
I listened not to one or t'other;
But still referred them to my mother.

An Officer, my heart would storm,
A Miser sought me too, in form;
But MARS was over-free and bold,
The Miser's heart was in his gold.
I listened not to one or t'other;
Referring still unto my mother.

And, after them, some twenty more
Successless were, as those before;
When DAMON, lovely DAMON! came,
Our hearts straight felt a mutual flame!
I vowed I'd have him, and no other;
Without referring to my mother.

A BALLAD.

LET who will, complain of the troubles they meet;
They're matter of laughter to me!
A dash of the bitter, the sweet makes more sweet;
I therefore contented will be!

If FORTUNE looks kindly, I'll bask in her smiles!
If, frowning; my comfort is still,
That life 's but a span, and Good Humour beguiles
The time, be it bad as it will!

My friend proves unfaithful; I'll seek out a new,
Nor trouble my head about that!
I'll pity the changeling! I'll honour the true!
And cheerfully laugh and be fat!

What though I a coach and six horses can't have,
To which I've a very good right;
A pair of good legs hath kind Providence gave,
With a heart that 's both honest and light.

My frame 's not unwieldy, 'tis active and sound!
My appetite, not very great!
A scanty provision sufficient is found,
If cleanly and wholesome to eat.

Lady Dorothea Du Bois.

Let epicures feast on their turtles, for me!

Their ortolans, pheasants, and sturgeon!
With Frenchified dishes, high sauces, and be
A prey to the Doctor and Surgeon!

With all kinds of wine, let them pamper their taste;
Nor ought to their palates deny!
If they, to their latter end wilfully haste;
Themselves are to blame, and not I!

On dress, pomp, and grandeur, I fix not my mind;
They're matters unworthy a care!
Beneath those fine trappings, we oftentimes find
The pang of remorse and despair!

Gay PLEASURE 's a phantom exceedingly fair;
Which vainly we hope to embrace!
We grasp at a substance; she melts into air,
And leaves not behind her a trace!

Then, why should we make such a pother about
What no one could ever attain?
Though the sweet illusion is tempting, no doubt!
'Tis banished by old age and pain.

But soon we the idle pursuit of her charms,
By dear-bought experience, despise;
Then, blooming Good Humour! still dwell in my arms!
My motto be—Merry and Wise!

A FABLE.

OLD TIME and PLEASURE, on a day,
Once met, as they did walk,
'Dear TIME!' says PLEASURE, 'prithee, stay!
Let 's have some friendly talk!'

'Alluring Fair!' said he, 'I know
The World are slaves to thee!
Upon thee, ev'ry thought bestow;
And make no store of me!'

'My destined race I still pursue;
Nor can one moment stay,
Lest those blind crowds that follow you,
O'ertake me on my way.'

Then swift along the plain he ran;
While loitering PLEASURE stood,
To intercept the view of Man,
Enticing all she could.

Some few, indeed, kept up with TIME,
That her temptations shun;
But such as with gay PLEASURE chime,
Delay, and are undone!

VERSES

HANDED ABOUT, AS THE PRODUCTION OF

HER PRESENT MAJESTY.

' GENTEEEL is my DAMON, engaging his Air!
His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair!
Soft LOVE sits enthroned in the beam of his eyes!
He 's manly, yet tender! He 's fond, and yet wise!

' He 's ever good-humoured! He 's generous and gay!
His presence can always drive Sorrow away!
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;
But open his temper, and noble his mien.

' By virtue illumined his actions appear!
His Passions are calm, and his reason is clear
An affable sweetness attends on his speech!
He is willing to learn, though he 's able to teach!

' He has promised to love me! His word I'll believe;
For his heart is too honest to let him deceive!
Then blame me, ye Fair Ones! if justly ye can;
Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the Man!'

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook ;
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook.
No more for AMYNTA fresh garlands I wove,
'For Ambition,' I said, 'would soon cure my love !'
O, what had my youth with Ambition to do ?
Why left I AMYNTA ? Why broke I my vow ?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love.
O, fool ! to imagine that aught can subdue
A love so well founded ! a Passion so true !
O, give me my sheep ; and my sheep-hook restore !
I'll wander from love and AMYNTA no more !

Alas ! 'Tis too late, at my fate to repine !
Poor Shepherd ! AMYNTA no more can be thine !
Thy tears are all fruitless ! Thy wishes are vain !
The moments neglected return not again !
O, what had my youth with Ambition to do ?
Why left I AMYNTA ? Why broke I my vow ?

JANE ELLIOT.

FLODDEN FIELD

OR

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE heard of a lilting, at our ewes' milking,
Lasses a' lilting before the break of day ;
But now there 's moaning on ilka green loaning,
That our braw Foresters are a' wede away.

At buughts, in the morning, nae blyth Lads are scorning.
The Lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae :
Nae daffin, nae gabbin ; but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, at the gloming, nae Swankies are roaming
'Mong stacks, with the Lasses at bogle to play ;
But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The Flowers of the Forest that are wede away.

At Har'st, at the Shearing, nae Younkers are jearing.
The bansters are runkled, lyart, and grey.
At a Fair, or a Preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw Foresters are a' wede away.

O, dool for the order, sent our Lads to the Border !
The English for ance, by guile, gat the day :
The Flower of the Forest, that ay shone the foremost,
The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes' milking !
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw Foresters are a' wede away.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling!
I've felt all its favours; and found its decay!
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind, its caressing;
But now, 'tis fled—fled far away!

I've seen the Forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming;
But now they are withered and weeded away!

I've seen the morning,
With gold the hills adorning;
And loud tempest storming before the midday!
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumblly and dark, as he rowed on his way!

O, fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel sporting?
O, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can chear me!
Nae mair your frowns can fear me!
For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away!

'Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay! perhaps, they are twain,
Since THIRSID neglected the Nymphs of the plain;
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,
To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.

What, at first, was but friendship, soon grew to a flame!
In my heart, it was Love! In the Youth, 'twas the same!
From each other our Passion we sought not to hide;
But who should love most, was our contest and pride!

But Prudence soon whispered us, 'Love not too well!
For Envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell!
And a flame without Fortune's rich gifts on its side,
The Grave Ones will scorn; and a Mother must chide!'

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore;
And we promised to think of each other no more:
Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind.
So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my mind!

But Love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid!
If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your care!
Condemn the God CUPID; but bless the fond pair!

O, NANCY! wilt thou go with me;
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting Town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
No longer dressed in silken sheen!
No longer decked with jewels rare!
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O, NANCY! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray;
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien,
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor sad regret each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O, NANCY! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or when thy Swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease, or pain, befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care;
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

And when, at last, thy Love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh;
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his breathless clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Dispersed through SHAKESPEARE's Plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient Ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor [of Reliques of Ancient English Poetry] was tempted to select some of them, and, with a few supplemental stanzas, to connect them together, and form them into a little Tale; which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

[*A CENTO.*]

IT was a Friar of Orders Gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a Lady fair,
Clad in a Pilgrim's weeds.

'Now, CHRIST thee save, thou reverend Friar!
I pray thee, tell to me,
If ever, at yon Holy Shrine,
My True Love thou didst see?'

'And how should I know your True Love
From many another one?' See Vol. IV. p. 9.

'O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon!'

'But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view!
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,
And eyne of lovely blue!'

'O, Lady! he is dead and gone!

Lady! he 's dead and gone!

See Vol. IV, p. 9.

And at his head a green grass turf;
And at his heels a stone.

'Within these holy Cloisters long
He languished, and he died;
Lamenting of a Lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

'Here bore him bare-faced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedewed his grave
Within yon Kirkyard wall.'

'And art thou dead? thou gentle Youth!
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O, weep not, Lady! weep not so!
Some ghostly comfort seek!
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart;
Ne tears bedew thy cheek!'

'O, do not, do not, holy Friar!
My sorrow now reprove!
For I have lost the sweetest Youth
That e'er wan Lady's love!

'And, now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll evermore weep and sigh!
For thee, I only wished to live;
For thee, I wish to die!'

'Weep no more, Lady! weep no more!
Thy sorrow is in vain!
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again!

'Our Joys as wingèd dreams do fly!
Why then, should Sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past!'

'O, say not so! thou holy Friar!
I pray thee, say not so!
For since my True Love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow!

'And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no! He is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain!

Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore.

'His cheek was redder than the rose!
The comeliest Youth was he!
But he is dead, and laid in his grave!
Alas! and woe is me!'

'Sigh no more, Lady! Sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever! See Vol. IV, p. 11.
One foot on sea, and one on land;
To one thing constant never!'

'Hadst thou been fond, he had been false;
And left thee sad and heavy!
For young men ever were fickle found
Since summer trees were leafy!'

'Now, say not so, thou holy Friar!
I pray thee, say not so!
My Love he had the truest heart!
O, he was ever true!'

'And art thou dead? thou much-loved Youth!
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home! For evermore
A Pilgrim I will be!'

'But first upon my True Love's grave,
My weary limbs I'll lay!
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay!'

Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore.

- ‘Yet stay, fair Lady! Rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall!
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;
And drizzly rain doth fall!’
- ‘O, stay me not, thou holy Friar!
O, stay me not, I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away!’
- ‘Yet stay, fair Lady! turn again,
And dry those pearly tears!
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own True Love appears!
- ‘Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.
- ‘But haply, for my Year of Grace
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay!’
- ‘Now farewell, Grief! and welcome, Joy,
Once more unto my heart!
For, since I have found thee, lovely Youth!
We never more will part!’

NATURE AND GARRICK.

As NATURE and GARRICK were talking one day,
It chanced they had words, and fell out!

Dame REASON would fain have prevented a fray;
But could not, they both were so stout!

Says GARRICK, 'I honour you, Madam! 'tis true!
And with pride to your laws I submit!

But SHAKESPEARE paints stronger and better than you,
All critics of taste will admit!'

'How! SHAKESPEARE paint stronger and better than
Cries NATURE, quite touched to the soul, [me!'

'Not a word in his volumes I ever could see,
But what from my records he stole!

'And thou, wicked thief! Nay! the story I'll tell!
Whenever I paint, or I draw,
My pencils you filch, and my colours you steal!
For which, thou shalt suffer the law!

'And when, on the Stage, in full lustre you shine;
To me all the praise shall be given!
The toil shall be yours; and the honour be mine!
So NATURE and GARRICK are even!

TO MR. GARRICK.

FROM MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

LEAVE, GARRICK! the rich landscape proudly gay!
Docks, Forts, and Navies bright'ning all the Bay!
To my plain roof repair! primeval Seat!
Yet there, no wonders your quick eye can meet,
Save (should you deem it wonderful!) to find
Ambition cured, and an unpassioned mind!
A Statesman without power, and without gall;
Hating no Courtiers! happier than them all!
Bowed to no yoke, nor crouching for applause;
Vot'ry alone to Freedom and the laws!

Herds, flocks, and smiling CERES deck our plain;
And, interspersed, a heart-enliv'ning Train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green:
Meantime, pure love looks on and consecrates the scene.

Come, then, immortal Spirit of the Stage!
Great Nature's proxy! Glass of every Age!
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old;
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold!

*UPON THE EARL OF CHATHAM'S VERSES
TO MR. GARRICK.*

WHEN PELEUS' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful, forsook the hostile Field ;
His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
He tuned the Lay and swept the Lyre.

So CHATHAM (whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspired the whole,
Where far, by martial glory led,
Britain, her sails and banners spread)
Retires, though wisdom's God dissuades ;
And seeks repose in rural shades.
Yet thither comes the God confest,
Celestial Form, a well-known guest !

Nor slow he moves with solemn Air,
Nor on his brow hangs pensive care ;
Nor in his hand th' historic page
Gives lessons to experienced age,
As when, in vengeful ire, he rose
And planned the fate of Britain's foes ;
While the winged Hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

Cheerful he came, all blithe and gay,
Fair blooming like the Son of May !
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A Harp, by all the Muses strung ;
Smiling, he to his friend resigned
This soother of the human mind !

YE fair married Dames! who so often deplore
That a Lover once blessed, is a Lover no more;
Attend to my counsel! nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught!

Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guitar!
Though music in both; they are both apt to jar!
How tuneful and soft, from a delicate touch!
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.

The linnet and sparrow will feed from your hand,
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command;
Exert, with your Husband, the same happy skill!
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your will!

Be gay and good-humoured, complying and kind!
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind!

'Tis there, that the Wife may her conquest improve;
And HYMEN will rivet the fetters of Love!

ONCE more, I tune the vocal shell!
To hills and dales my Passion tell!
A flame which time can never quell;
 But burns for lovely PEGGY!
Yet greater Bards the lyre should hit!
For say, What subject is more fit
Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely PEGGY? . . .

Were she arrayed in rustic weed;
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
To please my lovely PEGGY!
With her, a cottage would delight!
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, it's endless night!
All's dark without my PEGGY!

The zephyr air, the violet blows;
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely PEGGY!
I stole a kiss, the other day;
And, trust me! nought but truth I say!
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as PEGGY!

While bees from flower to flower shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love;
So long shall I love PEGGY!
And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart;
My words shall be, when I depart,
'Adieu! my lovely PEGGY!'

COME, cheer up, my Lads ! 'tis to Glory we steer!
To add something more to this wonderful year [1759]!
To Honour we call you; not press you like slaves!
For who are so free as we Sons of the Waves ?

Heart of Oak are our ships !

Heart of Oak are our men !

We always are ready !

Steady ! Boys ! steady !

We'll fight; and we'll conquer again and again !

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay !
They never see us, but they wish us away !
If they run; why, we follow, and run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more !

Heart of Oak are our ships ! &c.

They swear, They'll invade us ! these terrible foes !
They frighten our women, our children, and Beaus !
But should their Flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er ;
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore !

Heart of Oak are our ships ! &c.

We'll still make them run ; and we'll still make them
sweat !

In spite of the Devil and Brussels' *Gazette*,
Then, cheer up, my Lads ! With one heart, let us sing,
'Our Soldiers ! our Sailors ! our Statesmen ! and King !'

Heart of Oak are our ships ! &c.

COME, come, my good Shepherds ! our flocks we must shear !

In your holiday suits, with your Lasses appear !
The happiest of folk are the guiltless and free ;
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no Passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught ;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes !
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise !

By mode and caprice are the City Dames led ;
But we, as the Children of Nature are bred.
By her hand alone, we are painted and drest ;
For the roses will bloom, when there 's peace in
the breast !

That giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head !
Content and sweet Cheerfulness open our door ;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor !

When love has possessed us, that love we reveal !
Like the flocks that we feed, are the Passions we feel !
So, harmless and simple, we sport and we play ;
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray !

OXFORDSHIRE NANCY BEWITCHED.

THOUGH I'm slim, and am young, and was lively and fair;

Could sing a sweet Song, and in others kill care:
Yet I'm surely bewitched! for I can't drive away
What makes me so restless by night and by day!

In vain, I perplex my poor fancy
To find out the grief!
But, alas! no relief!

Heigho! What can be the matter with NANCY?

With my head on my pillow, I seek for repose;
Which comes to the wretched, and softens their woes:
But sleepless, though blameless, I sigh through the night;

And the day can't relieve me, though ever so bright!
In vain, I perplex my poor fancy, &c.

David Garrick.

So evil a Spirit, that haunts a poor Maid,
By the grave Sons of Physic can never be laid!
If a Youth, versed in magic, would take me in hand;
I'm sure of a cure, if he waves but his wand!

In vain, I perplex my poor fancy, &c.

A young Oxford Scholar knows well my sad case;
For he looked in my eyes, and read over my face!
So learnèd he talked, that I felt at my heart,
He must have great skill in the Magical Art!

In vain, I perplex my poor fancy, &c.

O, send for this Scholar; and let him prescribe!
He'll do me more good than the medical tribe!
Then, the rose with the lily again shall appear;
And my heart, now so heavy, dance through the
whole year!

No more I'll perplex my poor fancy

To find out the grief!

For he'll soon bring relief!

Heigho! He knows what's the matter with NANCY!

—

How little do the land-men know
 Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
 But we have hearts of steel!
No danger can affright us!
 No Enemy shall flout!
We'll make the Monsieurs right us!
 So toss the Can about!

Stick stout to Orders, Messmates!
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink!
Then, France! have at your First-rates!
 For Britons never shrink!
We'll rummage all we fancy!
 We'll bring them in by scores;
And MOLL, and KATE, and NANCY
 Shall roll in louis d'ors!

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble Commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, Boys
 And then to sea for more!
In Peace, we'll drink and sing, Boys!
 In War, we'll never fly!
Here's a Health to GEORGE our King, Boys!
 And the Royal Family!

David Garrick.

SONGS

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE

AT STRATFORD UPON AVON,

SEPTEMBER 7, 1769.

WARWICKSHIRE.

YE Warwickshire Lads, and ye Lasses!

See what at our Jubilee passes!

Come, revel away! Rejoice, and be glad!

For the Lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire Lad!

Warwickshire Lad!

All be glad,

For the Lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire Lad!

David Garrick.

Be proud of the charms of your County;
Where Nature has lavished her bounty!
Where much she has given, and some to be spared;
For the Bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire Bard!
 Warwickshire Bard!
 Never paired!
For the Bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire Bard!

Each Shire has its different pleasures,
Each Shire has its different treasures:
But to rare Warwickshire all must submit;
For the Wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire Wit!
 Warwickshire Wit!
 How he writ!
For the Wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire Wit!

Old BEN, THOMAS OTWAY, JOHN DRYDEN;
And half a score more, we take pride in!
Of famous WILL CONGREVE we boast too the skill;
But the WILL of all WILLS, was a Warwickshire WILL!
 Warwickshire WILL!
 Matchless still!
For the WILL of all WILLS, was a Warwickshire WILL!

David Garrick.

Our SHAKESPEARE compared is to no man ;
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman !

Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet Swan ;
And the Man of all men, was a Warwickshire Man !

Warwickshire Man !

Avon's Swan !

And the Man of all men, was a Warwickshire Man !

As ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our Bard took delight in !

To make his friends merry, he never was lag ;
And the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag !

Warwickshire Wag !

Ever brag !

For the Wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire Wag !

There never was seen such a creature !
Of all she was worth, he robbed Nature !

He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief ;
And the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief !

Warwickshire Thief !

He 's the chief !

For the Thief of all thieves, was a Warwickshire Thief !

SISTERS of the tuneful strain!
Attend your parent's jocund Train!
'Tis Fancy calls you! Follow me,
To celebrate the Jubilee!

On Avon's banks, where SHAKESPEARE's bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
The Sons of Scenic Mirth decree
To celebrate this Jubilee!

By GARRICK led, the grateful band
Haste to their Poet's native land,
With rites of sportive revelry
To celebrate this Jubilee!

Come, Daughters, then! and with you bring
The vocal reed, and sprightly string,
Wit, and Joke, and Repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

Come, Daughters! come; and bring with you
Th' aerial Sprite, and Fairy Crew,
And the sister Graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

Hang around the sculptured tomb
The broidered vest, the nodding plume,
And mask of comic glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

From Birnam Wood, and Bosworth's Field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

In mournful Numbers now relate
Poor DESDEMONA's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of Jealousy,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

Nor be Windsor's Wives forgot,
With their harmless merry plot,
The whit'ning mead, the haunted tree,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

Now, in jocund strains, recite
The revels of the braggart Knight!
Fat Knight! and Ancient PISTOL he!
To celebrate our Jubilee!

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the splendid Scene repair!
A Scene as fine as fine can be,
To celebrate our Jubilee!

Yet COLIN bring, and ROSALIND;
Each Shepherd true, and Damsel kind!
For well with ours, their sports agree,
To crown the festive Jubilee!

THOU soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet SHAKESPEARE would
dream !

The Fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed;
For hallowed the turf is, which pillow'd his head !

The love-stricken Maiden, the soft-sighing Swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain !
The sweet bud of Beauty, no blight shall here dread;
For hallowed the turf is, which pillow'd his head !

Here, Youth shall be famed for their love and their
truth ;

And cheerful Old Age feel the spirit of Youth !
For the raptures of Fancy, here Poets shall tread;
For hallowed the turf is, that pillow'd his head !

Flow on, silver Avon ! in Song ever flow !
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow !
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame be it spread ;
And the turf ever hallowed, which pillow'd his head !

THE LASS OF THE MILL.

Who has e'er been at Baldock, must needs know the
Mill,

At the sign of the *Horse*, at the foot of the hill;
Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown and the Beau,
Without all distinction, promiscuously go.

The Man of the Mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an Air,
That once, on the ever-green bank as I stood,
I'd swore, she was VENUS just sprung from the flood.

But, looking again, I perceive my mistake!
For VENUS, though fair, has the look of a Rake;
While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the Lass of the Mill.

PROMETHEUS stole fire, as the Poets all say,
To enliven that mass which he modelled of clay.
Had POLLY been with him, the beams of her eyes
Had saved him the trouble of robbing the skies!

Since first I beheld this dear Lass of the Mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet: but, do what I will!
All the day and all night I sigh, and think still,
I shall die, if I have not this Lass of the Mill!

COLIN AND DOLLY.

THE morning cloud was tinged with gold,
When COLIN went to view his fold;
And, as he whistled o'er the plain,
Young DOLLY met the perjured Swain.
Anger and Love were in her eye,
Her tender breast heaved with a sigh;
But when her grief she came to show,
He cried, 'I cannot hear thee now!'

In moving words, she told a tale
That might o'er any heart prevail,
Asked, 'Why he had forsook her cot?
And was poor DOLLY quite forgot?
If so,' tears trembling in her eye,
She said, 'she'd sit her down, and die!'
'Do so!' says COLIN, 'and I vow,
My Dear! I cannot hear thee now!'

Resentment kindling o'er her cheek,
Says she, 'Another Love I'll seek!
DAMON will prize these slighted charms;
And kindly take them to his arms!'
The Swain, whom Honour could not move,
By Jealousy was waked to Love!
Says he, 'Forgive! See yonder mow,
Step there! I'll stay to hear thee now!'

MAY EVE,

OR

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of State go, balmy Sleep!
('Tis where you've seldom been!)
May's Vigil while the Shepherds keep
With KATE of Aberdeen.

Upon the Green, the Virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promised May.
Methinks, I hear the Maids declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As KATE of Aberdeen!

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes!
We'll rouse the nodding grove!
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the Maid I love!
And see! the matin lark mistakes!
He quits the tufted Green!
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks!
'Tis KATE of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead;
Or tune the reed to Love!
For see, the rosy May draws nigh!
She claims a Virgin Queen!
And hark! the happy Shepherds cry,
'Tis KATE of Aberdeen!'

HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
Last Monday, I tripped to the Fair.
I held up my head; and I'll tell you, for what!
Brisk ROGER, I guessed, would be there!
He woos me to marry, whenever we meet;
There 's honey, sure, dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet;
I'd wed, if I were not too young!

John Cunningham.

Fond SUE, I'll assure you! laid hold on the boy
(The vixen would fain be his Bride!);
Some token she claimed, either ribbon or toy,
And swore, that she'd not be denied!
A top-knot he bought her, and garters, of green;
Pert SUSAN was cruelly stung!
I hate her so much that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed, if I were not too young!

He whispered such soft pretty things in mine ear!
He flattered! he promised, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear;
That, trust me! my pockets ran o'er!
Some Ballads he bought me, the best he could find;
And sweetly their burthen he sung!
Good faith! he 's so handsome, so witty, and kind;
I'd wed, if I were not too young!

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire
(Our cottage was distant a mile!);
I rose to be gone. ROGER bowed like a Squire,
And handed me over the stile. [eye.
His arms he threw round me. Love laughed in his
He led me the meadows among.
There pressed me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young!

DAY.

A PASTORAL.

Carpe diem.—HORACE.

MORNING.

IN the barn, the tenant Cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the Shepherd's clock !),
Jocund that the Morning 's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nursed by Night, retire ;
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

PHILOMEL forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive, where she prates at night ;
And the Lark, to meet the Morn,
Soars beyond the Shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale.
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets uncloyed,
Restless till her task be done,
Now the busy bee 's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

COLIN, for the promised corn,
Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet! O, sweet the warbling throng
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal Song
Echoes to the rising Day.

NOON

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows.
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dewdrop 's left the rose!

By the brook, the Shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where unchecked the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied Abbey wall.

ECHO, in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder Mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or, with languid silence, stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs!
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken, wings.

John Cunningham.

Not a leaf has leave to stir !

Nature 's lulled, serene, and still.
Quiet e'en the Shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now, the hill, the hedge, is green !

Now, the warblers' throats, in tune !
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brightened by the beams of Noon.

EVENING.

O'ER the heath, the heifer strays
Free—the furrowed task is done.
Now, the village windows blaze,
Burnished by the setting sun.

Now, he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky.
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the resplendent dye ?

Trudging as the plowmen go,
To the smoking hamlet bound,
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthened o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the Rooks returning home !

As the Lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the Evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent Moon
Breaking through a parted cloud !

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake ;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver Lake.

As the Trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided Dale,
Mark the rose-complexioned Lass,
With her well-poised milking pail !

Linnets with unnumbered notes,
And the Cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun, Adieu !

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And PHILLIS herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay.
A youngling (it seems!) had been stole from its dam
('Twixt CUPID and HYMEN a plot,
That CORYDON might, as he searched for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot!).

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet Nymph with surprise.
'Ye Gods! if so killing,' he cried, 'when she sleeps;
I'm lost, when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart;
I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace!'
But, in vain, honest CORYDON strove to depart;
For Love had him nailed to the place.

'Hush! hushed be these birds! What a bawling
they keep!'

He cried, 'You're too loud on the spray!
Don't you see, foolish Lark! that the Charmer's asleep!
You'll wake her, as sure as 'tis day!
How dare that fond Butterfly touch the sweet Maid!
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose!
I'd pat him to death, if I were not afraid,
My boldness would break her repose!'

Young PHILLIS looked up, with a languishing smile.
'Kind Shepherd!' she said, 'you mistake!
I laid myself down, just to rest me awhile;
But, trust me! have still been awake!'
The Shepherd took courage, advanced with a bow,
He placed himself down by her side;
And managed the matter, I cannot tell how!
But yesterday made her his Bride.

WHEN first, by fond DAMON, FLAVELLA was seen,
He slightly regarded her Air and her mien.
The charms of her mind he alone would commend,
Not warmed as a Lover, but cool as a Friend.
From Friendship, not Passion, his raptures did move;
And the Swain bragged his heart was a stranger to Love!

New charms he discovered, as more she was known.
Her face grew a wonder! Her taste was his own!
Her manners were gentle! Her sense was refined!
And O, what dear virtues beamed forth in her mind!
Yet still for the sanction of Friendship he strove;
Till a sigh gave the omen, and shewed it was Love!

Now, proud to be conquered, he sighs for the Fair;
Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her!
He's mute; while his heart-strings are ready to break!
The fear of offending forbids him to speak!
And wanders a willing example to prove
That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love!

A Lover, thus conquered, can ne'er give offence!
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense.
His Passion, nor wrinkles, nor age, can allay;
Since founded on that which can never decay!
And Time, that can Beauty's short empire remove,
Increasing her reason, increases his love!

CROSS PURPOSES.

TOM loves MARY passing well;
But MARY, she loves HARRY:
Whilst HARRY sighs for bonny BELL
And finds his love miscarry.
For bonny BELL for THOMAS burns,
Though MARY slighted his Passion:
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination!

As much as MARY, THOMAS grieves;
Proud HAL despises MARY!
And all the flouts that BELL receives
From TOM, she vents on HARRY!
Thus all, by turns, are wooed and woo.
No turtles can be truer!
Each loves the object they pursue;
But hates the kind pursuer!

MOLL gave HAL a wreath of flowers;
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Consigned to BELL: and, in few hours,
It came again to MOLLY.
If one of all the four has frowned,
You ne'er saw people grummer!
If one has smiled, it catches round;
And all are in good humour.

Then, Lovers! hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation,
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To smile a Reformation;
And still, through life, this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike ye,
Be kind to them that fancy you;
That those you love may like ye!

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

'WHY, DELIA! ever when I gaze,
Appears in frowns that lovely face?
Why are those smiles to me denied,
That gladden ev'ry heart beside?
In vain, your eyes my flame reprove!
I may despair; but still must love!'

From sweetest Airs I sought relief,
And hoped from Music cure for grief.
Fool that I was! The thrilling sound
Served only to increase the wound;
And while for rest I fondly strove,
Forgot that Music strengthened Love!

To pleasures of a diff'rent kind,
Soon, undeceived, I bent my mind!
I sought the fair, the gay, the young;
And dressed, and played, and laughed, and sung!
Vain joys! too weak my heart to move!
Ah! what were you to her I love!

When, drooping on the bed of pain,
I looked on ev'ry hope as vain;
When pitying friends stood weeping by,
And Death's pale shade seemed hov'ring nigh;
No terror could my flame remove,
Or steal a thought from her I love!

'Absence may bring relief!' I cried;
And straight the dreadful hope I tried!
Alas! in vain, was ev'ry care!
Still in my heart I bore my Fair!
Ah! whither, whither shall I rove
To shun Despair, or fly from Love?

LIFE has no real bliss in store!
Possessing much, we wish for more!
With health, with friends, with fortune, blest;
Why sighs my anxious soul for rest?

When flatt'lers court my list'ning ear,
Though pleased I study to appear,
They only my repose molest;
And make me seek the more for rest.

But why, whenever DAMON 's near,
This anxious hope? this anxious fear?
'Tis only friendship fills my breast;
And friendship ne'er was foe to rest!

To that, his wishes seemed to tend;
He only asked the name of Friend!
But though, by looks, his love I guest;
Could looks alone have hurt my rest?

He ne'er has sought a studied strain!
In broken words, he spoke his pain!
Alas! so much those words exprest;
I fear 'tis they, have stole my rest!

But if, superior to disguise,
His soul is pictured in his eyes;
Of DAMON's love, when quite possest,
I soon shall find my wonted rest!

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

‘OFT I’ve implored the Gods in vain,
And prayed till I’ve been weary!
For once, I’ll seek my wish to gain
Of OBERON the Fairy!

‘Sweet airy Being! wanton Spright!
Who liv’st in woods unseen;
And oft, by CYNTHIA’s silver light,
Tripp’st gaily o’er the green!

‘If e’er thy pitying heart was moved,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th’ Athenian Maid¹ who loved,
Thou sought’st a wondrous spell;

‘O, deign once more t’ exert thy power!
Haply, some herb, or tree,
Sov’reign as juice from western flower¹,
Conceals a balm for me!

¹ See *Midsummer Night’s Dream.*

' I ask no kind return in Love!
 No tempting charm to please!
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
 That sighs for peace and ease!

' Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of Joy, or Woe;
 But, turning, trembles too!

' Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree!
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
 Beyond—is agony!

' Then take this treach'rous Sense of mine!
 Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
 To pain new pangs impart!

' O, haste to shed the sov'reign balm!
 My shattered nerves new-string!
And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The Nymph, INDIFFERENCE, bring!

' At her approach, see HOPE, see FEAR,
 See EXPECTATION, fly!
And DISAPPOINTMENT, in the rear,
 That blasts the purposed joy!

‘The tears, which PITY taught to flow,
 My eyes shall then disown!
The heart that throbbed at others’ woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own!

‘The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close!
And tranquil days shall still succeed
 To nights of sweet repose!

‘O, Fairy Elf! but grant me this!
 This one kind comfort send!
And so may never-fading bliss,
 Thy flowery paths attend!

‘So may the glow-worm’s glimm’ring light,
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread!

‘And be thy acorn goblet filled
 With heaven’s ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distilled,
 That shed fresh sweets for you!

‘And what of life remains for me,
 I’ll pass in sober ease!
Half-pleased, contented will I be!
 Content, but half to please!’

*THE FAIRY'S ANSWER
TO MRS. GREVILLE.*

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send;
 Or give, if I am able.
I dare not hesitate to say,
Though I have trembled all the day,
 It looks so like a Fable!

Last night's adventure is my theme:
And should it strike you as a dream;
 Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
 To be composed in sport!

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And every star did deck the night,
 While ZEPHYR fanned the trees.
No more assailed my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
 Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrapped in solemn thoughts, I sate,
Revolving o'er the turns of Fate;
 Yet void of hope, or fear:

When lo ! behold, an airy throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund Song,
Surprised my eye and ear.

A Form, superior to the rest,
His little voice to me addrest,
And gently thus began.

'I've heard strange things from one of you !
Pray tell me, if you think 'tis true ?
Explain it, if you can !

'Such incense has perfumed my throne !
Such eloquence my heart has won !

I think I guess the hand !
I know her wit and beauty too ;
But why she sends a prayer so new,
I cannot understand !

'To light some flames, and some revive ;
To keep some others just alive ;
Full oft I am implored !

But, with peculiar power to please,
To supplicate for nought but Ease !

'Tis odd, upon my word !

'Tell her, With fruitless care I've sought ;
And (though my realms, with wonders fraught,
In remedies abound)
No grain of cold Indifference
Was ever yet allied to Sense,
In all my fairy round !

' The regions of the sky I'd trace,
I'd ransack every earthly place,
 Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
To mitigate the pangs of Fear ;
Dispel the clouds of black Despair ;
 Or lull the restless hour !

' I would be generous, as I'm just ;
But I obey, as others must,
 Those laws which Fate has made !
My tiny Kingdom, how defend ;
And what might be the horrid end,
 Should Man my State invade ?

' Twould put your mind into a rage ;
And such unequal war to wage
 Suits not my regal duty !
I dare not change a first decree.
She's doomed to please ; nor can be free !
 Such is the lot of Beauty !'

This said, he darted o'er the plain ;
And after followed all his Train.

No glimpse of him I find.
But, sure I am, the little Spright,
These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

A TEMPLAR (who loves you, dear KITTY! full well!
Who loves you much more than in words he can tell;

Though of words he, by no means, is thrifty!)
Has often been tempted by deeds to approve
The energy, ardour, and strength of his love;
But his reasons against it are fifty.

To enumerate each, would but take up your time;
Which, when moments are precious, is surely a crime!

Hark! you say, 'I could never forgive 't you!'
Each reason, besides, in itself is but small;
The hardship consists in uniting them all
Till they mount to the total of fifty.

How often, when night's happy hours I employ
In dreams of my KITTY, of rapture and joy,

To such heights as oft Fancy will lift you;
In the midst of my bliss, do I wake with a curse;
And, frantic with rage, cry aloud to my purse,

'Ah! traitor! why hold'st thou not fifty?'

George Canning the Elder.

But let not your fiftyless Lover despair;
Or 'tis fifty to one that he dies of his care!

Had he fifty times more, he would give 't you!
O, wouldst thou, sweet KITTY! once yield him thy
charms,
He'd convince you (as panting you died in his arms)
Five-and-twenty 's more precious than fifty!

Let him hope then, that quickly a *billet* you'll send,
Appointing a time and a place to attend;
On Love's wings, he'll fly away swift t' you!
Let your lily-white hand, Miss! direct to G. C.,
And your dwarf drop the note at the *Grecian* for me;
I'll be with you ere you can count fifty!

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME?

I AM a Batchelor winsome,
A Farmer by rank and degree;
An' few I see gang out mair handsome
To Kirk, or to Market, than me!
I have outsight, and insight, and credit;
And from any eelist I'm free!
I'm well enough boarded and bedded;
And what ails the Lasses at me?

My boughts of good store are no scanty,
My byres are well stockèd wi' ky;
Of meal i' my girels is plenty,
An' twa or three easments forby;
An' horse to ride out, when they're weary;
An' cock with the best they can see;
An' then be ca'd 'dawty!' and 'deary!':
I fairly, what ails them at me?

Behind backs, afore fouk, I've woo'd them;
An' a' the gates o't that I ken!
An' when they leugh o' me, I trow'd them,
An' thought I had won; but what then!
When I speak of matters, they grumble,
Nor are condescending and free;
But at my Proposals ay stumble!
I wonder, what ails them at me?

I've try'd them, baith Highland an' Lowland,
Where I a good bargain cud see;
But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,
Or say, they wad buckle wi' me!
With jooks, an' wi' scraps, I've addressed them!
Been with them baith modest and free!
But whatever way I caress'd them;
There 's something still ails them at me!

O, if I ken'd how but to gain them,
How fond of the knack wad I be!
Or what an address could obtain them,
It should be twice welcome to me!
If kissing an' clapping wad please them,
That trade I shuld drive till I die!
But however I study to ease them,
They've still an exception at me!

There 's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshaks,
An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
No sooner they speak to the Wenches,
But they are ta'en far enough ben.
But when I speak to them, that 's stately,
I find them ay ta'en with the gee;
An' get the denial right flatly!
What, think ye! can ail them at me?

I have yet but ae offer to make them,
If they wad but hearken to me!
And that is, I'm willing to tak them;
If they, their consent wad but gee!
Let her that 's content, write a Billet,
An' get it transmitted to me;
I hereby engage to fulfil it,
Tho' cripple, tho' blind, she sud be!

BILLET BY JEANY GRADDEN.

DEAR Batchelour! I've read your Billet!
Your strait an' your hardships I see!
An' tell you, It shall be fulfillèd;
Tho' it were by none other but me!
These forty years I've been neglected;
An' nane has had pity on me!
Such offers should not be rejected,
Whoever the offerer be!

For beauty, I lay no claim to it;
Or, may be, I had been away!
Tho' tocher, or kindred, could do it;
I have no pretensions to they!
The most I can say, I'm a Woman;
An' that I a Wife want to be!
An' I'll tak exception at no man,
That 's willing to tak nane at me!

And now, I think I may be cocky,
Since Fortune has smurtl'd on me !
I'm JENNY; an' ye shall be JOCKIE!
'Tis right we together sud be!
For nane of us cud find a marrow,
So sadly forfairn were we !
Fouk sud no at anything tarrow,
Whose chance looked naething to be !

On Tuesday, speer for JEANY GRADDEN,
When I i' my pens ween to be,
Just at the Sign of the *Old Maiden* ;
Where ye shall be sure to meet me.
Bring with you the Priest for the Wedding,
That a' things just ended may be !
An' we'll close the whole with the bedding !
An' wha'll be sae merry as we ?

A cripple I'm not, ye forsta me !
Tho' lame of the hand that I be ;
Nor blind is there reason to ca' me,
Altho' I see but with ae eye !
But I'm just the chap that you wanted !
So tightly our state doth agree.
For nane wad hae you, ye have granted ;
As few, I confess, wad hae me !

FAIR HEBE.

FAIR HEBE I left, with a cautious design
To escape from her charms, and to drown them in wine,
I tried it; but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repaired to my Reason, intreated her aid;
Who paused on my case, and each circumstance weighed,
Then gravely pronounced, in return to my prayer,
'That HEBE was fairest of all that was fair!'

'That 's a truth,' replied I, 'I've no need to be taught!
I came for your counsel to find out a fault!'
'If that 's all,' quoth REASON, 'return as you came!
To find fault with HEBE, would forfeit my name!'

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain;
While, like lightning, she darts through each throbbing
vein!

My Senses surprised, in her favour took arms;
And REASON confirms me a slave to her charms.

THE EARL DE LA WARR'S

FAREWELL TO THE MAIDS OF HONOUR;

ON HIS BEING PROMOTED TO HIS LATE FATHER'S TROOP

AND RESIGNING THE PLACE OF VICE-CHAMBERLAIN

TO HER MAJESTY.

YE Maids, who Britain's Court bedeck,
Miss WROTTESLEY, BEAUCLERK, TRYON, KECK,
Miss MEADOWS and BOSCAWEN;
A dismal tale I have to tell!
This is, to bid you all, Farewell!
Farewell! for I am going!

I leave you, Girls! indeed 'tis true!
Although to be esteemed by you
Has ever been my pride.
'Tis often done at Court, you know!
To leave one's dearest friends; and go
Over to t'other Side.

John West, Earl De la Warr.

No longer shall we laugh and chat,
In th' outer room, on this and that,
Until the Queen shall call.
Our gracious King has called me now.
Nay! holds a stick up too, I vow!
And so, GOD bless you all!

They tell me, that one word a day
From him is worth the whole you say,
Fair Ladies! in a year!
A word from him I highly prize;
But who can leave your beauteous eyes
Without one tender tear?

No longer shall I now be seen
Handing along our matchless Queen,
So generous, good, and kind;
While, one by one, each smiling Lass
First drops a curtsy as we pass,
Then trips along behind.

Adieu! my much-loved Golden Key!
No longer to be worn by me,
Adorned with ribband blue!
Which late, I heard, looked ill and pale:
I thought it but an idle tale;
But now believe 'twas true!

Farewell, my good Lord HARcourt too!
What can, alas! your Lordship do
 Alone among the Maids?
You soon must some assistance ask!
You'll have a very arduous task,
 Unless you call for aid!

Great is the charge you have in care!
Indeed, my pretty Maidens fair!
 His situation 's nice!
As Chamberlain, we shall expect
That he, sole guardian, shall protect
 Six Maids without a Vice!

ARION.

'TWAS when the winds were roaring loud,
And Ocean swelled his billows high,
By savage hands condemned to die,
Raised on the stern, the trembling Lesbian stood.
All pale, he heard the tempest blow,
As on the wat'ry grave below
He fixed his weeping eye.
Ah! hateful lust of impious gold!
What can thy mighty rage withhold,
Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony!
But ere the Bard unpitied dies,
Again his soothing art he tries!
Again he sweeps the strings!
Slowly sad the notes arise;
While thus, in plaintive sounds, the sweet Musician
sings!

‘From beneath the coral cave,
Circled with the silver wave,
Where, with wreaths of emerald crowned,
Ye lead the festive dance around,
Daughters of NEREUS! hear, and save!
Ye, Tritons! hear! whose blast can swell
With mighty sounds the twisted shell!
And you, ye sister Sirens! hear!
Ever beauteous, ever sweet,

Who lull the list'ning Pilot's ear
With Magic Song, and softly-breathed deceit!
By all the Gods, who subject roll,
From gushing urns, their tribute to the Main!
By him, who bids the winds to roar!
By him, whose trident shakes the shore!
If e'er for you, I raise the sacred strain,
When pious mariners your power adore,
Daughters of NEREUS! hear, and save!'

He sang; and from the coral cave,
Circled with the silver wave,
With pitying ear,
The Nereids hear.
Gently the waters flowing,
The winds now ceased their blowing,
In silence listening to the tuneful Lay.
Around the bark's sea-beaten side,
The sacred Dolphin played;
And, sportive, dashed the briny tide.
The joyous omen soon the Bard surveyed,
And sprang, with bolder leap, to try the wat'ry way.
On his scaly back now riding,
O'er the curling billow gliding,
Again, with bold triumphant hand,
He bade the notes aspire!
Again to joy attuned the lyre!
Forgot each danger past, secure; and gained the land.

CAPTAIN CUPID.

ERST, in Cythera's sacred shade,
When VENUS clasped the God of War,
The laughing Loves around them played,
One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors CUPID led,
The gorget glittered on his breast;
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable crest.

Oft since, to win some stubborn Maid,
Still does the wanton God assume
The martial Air, the gay cockade,
The sword, the shoulder-knot, and plume.

PHYLLIS had long his power defied,
Resolved her conquests to maintain ;
His fruitless art each Poet tried !
Each Shepherd tuned his pipe in vain !

Till CUPID came, a Captain bold.
Of trenches and of palisadoes
He talked; and many a tale he told
Of battles, and of ambuscadoes. . . .

Ye Bards ! on Verse let PHÆBUS dote !
Ye Shepherds ! leave your pipes to PAN !
Nor Verse, nor pipe, will PHYLLIS note ;
The Captain is the charming man !

CANZONETTA.

SOFT slept the sea within its silver bed.

To the scarce breathing gale

The silken sail

With vent'rous hands I spread:

And saw the rocks, and passed; yet felt no fear!

All danger distant seemed; which was, alas! too near!

LOVE, calm deceiver! seated by my side,

His secret fraud enjoyed!

Too oft employed

In sport my bark to guide!

We reached the port. The little Pilot smiled.

Can LOVE deceive?' I said, and kissed the laughing
Child.

He clapped his wings; and lightly, through the air,

Flew from my longing eyes.

The storms arise,

And back my vessel bear.

Secure what port can hapless Lovers meet?

We blame the winds and seas; yet clasp the dear deceit!

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are you sure, the news is true?

And are you sure, he 's well?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye jades! fling by your Wheel!

There 's nae luck about the house!

There 's nae luck at a'!

There 's nae luck about the house

When our Goodman 's awa'!

Is this a time to think of wark,

When COLIN 's at the door?

Rax me my cloak! I'll down the Key,

And see him come ashore!

There 's nae luck about the house! &c.

Rise up, and make a clean fireside!

Put on the muckle pat!

Gie little KATE her cotton gown;

And Jock his Sunday's coat!

There 's nae luck about the house! &c.

William Julius Mickle.

Make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw!
It 's a' to pleasure our Goodman,
He likes to see them braw!
There 's nae luck about the house! &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Have fed this month and mair;
Make haste, and throw their necks about,
That COLIN well may fare!
There 's nae luck about the house! &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet!
My bishop-satin gown!
And then gae tell the Bailie's Wife,
That COLIN 's come to town!
There 's nae luck about the house! &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl-blue!
And a' to pleasure our Goodman!
For he 's baith leel and true!
There 's nae luck about the house! &c.

William Julius Mickle.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath 's like cauler air !
His very tread has music in't,
As he comes up the stair !
There 's nae luck about the house ! &c.

[The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrillèd thro' my heart,
They're a' blaun by ! I hae him safe !
Till death, we'll never part !
There 's nae luck about the house ! &c.]

But what puts parting in my head !
It may be far awa !
The present moment is our ain !
The neist we never saw !
There 's nae luck about the house ! &c.]

And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the joy !
In troth ! I'm like to greet !
There 's nae luck about the house ! &c.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet Regent of the sky!)
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still)
Save an unhappy Lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely Pile.

'LEICESTER!' she cried, 'is this thy love,
That thou so oft hast sworn to me?
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity!

'No more thou com'st, with Lover's speed,
Thy once-belovèd Bride to see!
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl! 's the same to thee!

'Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's Hall!
No faithless husband then me grieved!
No chilling fears did me appal!

'I rose up with the cheerful morn;
No lark more blithe! no flower more gay!
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sang the life-long day!

William Julius Mickle.

‘ If that my beauty is but small,
Among Court Ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that Hall ?
Where, scornful Earl ! it well was prized.

‘ And when you first to me made suit,
“ How fair I was ! ” you oft would say ;
And proud of conquest, plucked the fruit ;
Then left the blossom to decay.

‘ Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale ! the lily ’s dead !
But he, that once their charms so prized,
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled !

‘ For know, when sick’ning grief doth prey,
And tender love ’s repaid with scorn,
The sweetest Beauty will decay !
What flow’ret can endure the storm ?

‘ At Court, I’m told, is Beauty’s throne,
Where every Lady ’s passing rare ;
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing ! not so fair !

Then, Earl ! why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose ? whose pale shades
Must sicken, when those gauds are by.

William Julius Mickle.

‘Mong rural Beauties, I was one!
Among the fields, wild flowers are fair!
Some country Swain might me have won;
And thought my beauty passing rare!

‘But, LEICESTER! or I much am wrong
Or ’tis not Beauty lures thy vows!
Rather Ambition’s gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble Spouse!

‘Then, LEICESTER! why (again I plead!
The injured surely may repine!),
Why didst thou wed a country Maid;
When some fair Princess might be thine?

‘Why didst thou praise my humble charms;
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms;
Then leave me mourn the life-long day?

‘The village Maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly, as they go:
Envious, they mark my silken train;
Nor think a Countess can have woe!

‘The simple Nymphs! they little know
How far more happy ’s their estate!
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe!
To be content, than to be Great!

William Julius Mickle.

‘ How far less blessed am I than them !
Daily to pine, and waste with care !
Like the poor plant that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air !

‘ Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
The humble charms of Solitude !
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

‘ Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death bell smote my ear.
They winked aside, and seemed to say,
“ Countess, prepare ! Thy end is near ! ”

‘ And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn.
No one to soothe me, as I weep ;
Save PHILOMEL on yonder thorn.

‘ My spirits flag ! My hopes decay !
Still that dread death bell smites my ear !
And many a boding seems to say,
“ Countess, prepare ! Thy end is near ! ”

Thus, sore and sad, that Lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear !

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard ;
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death bell thrice was heard to ring.
An aerial voice was heard to call :
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door.
The oaks were shattered on the Green.
Woe was the hour ! For never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen !

And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful Feast and sprightly Ball
For, ever since that dreary hour,
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village Maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As, wand'ring onwards, they have spied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

THE FOND SHEPHERDESS.

How welcome, my Shepherd ! how welcome to me
Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee !
But when thou art absent, how joyless am I !
Methinks, I, contented, could sit down and die !
I rail at the hours, that so slowly they move ;
While I'm at a distance from all that I love.
Then, weeping, complain of my ill-natured fate,
Repine at my Being, and curse my sad state !

With trifling amusements, I sometimes beguile
My cares for a moment, and cheerfully smile :
But quickly thy image returns to my soul ;
And, in my sad bosom, new hurricanes roll !
No joy can be lasting, when thou art not here !
Thy presence alone can thy Shepherdess cheer !
Thy looks, like the sun, chase all Vapours away ;
And, blessed with thy sight, I could always be gay !

How happy am I, while upon thee I gaze !
How pleased with the beauty that shines in thy face !
What charms do I find, in thy person and Air ;
And, if you converse, I for ever could hear !
The oft'ner I see you, the more I approve
The choice I have made ; and am fixed in my love :
For merit like yours still brighter is shown ;
And more must be valued, the more it is known !

To live in a cottage with thee I would choose;
And crowns, for thy sake, I should gladly refuse!
Not all the vast treasures of wealthy Peru,
To me should seem precious; if balanced with you !
For all my ambition to thee is confined;
And nothing could please me, if thou wert unkind !
Then faithfully love me; and happier I'll be
Than placed on a throne, if to reign without thee !

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY.

WHEN MOLLY smiles, beneath her cow,
I feel my heart, I can't tell how !
When MOLLY is, on Sunday, drest ;
On Sundays, I can take no rest !

What can I do ? On workydays,
I leave my work, on her to gaze !
What shall I say ? At Sermon I
Forget the text, when MOLLY 's by !

Good Master Curate ! teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough !
And if for this you'll raise a spell ;
A good fat goose shall thank you well !

TO A FRIEND,

*WHO PRESSED THE AUTHOR TO MARRY FOR THE SAKE
OF A GREAT FORTUNE.*

IN vain, with riches would you try
My steadfast heart to move!
No! I'll give up my liberty
For no less price than Love!

Riches, indeed, may give me power;
But not a cheerful mind!
Whilst joy and peace attend each hour
On those whom Love has joined.

But should the itch of power, or State,
My views, to riches carry;
I'd cringe at Court, in Senate prate:
Do anything but marry!

Since, then, not Wealth's deceitful show
Can tempt me to this chain;
Try next, what gen'rous Love can do!
All other bribes are vain!

SWAINS! I hate the boist'rous Fair;
Who, bold, assume a manly Air!

Soft, unaffected, gentle, be
Still the Girl that's made for me!

Let her not boast, like Man, to dare
The dangers of the sylvan war;
With gentler sports delighted be
The Girl that Fate ordains for me!

Nor pert Coquet, nor formal Prude;
Gay let her be, but never rude!
From Airs, from flights, from Vapours, free;
She's the Girl that's made for me!

Her well-chose dress, in ev'ry part,
Be artful without shewing art;
From all fantastic fashions free,
She's the Girl that's made for me!

Loose flow her locks, without constraint!
Her healthy cheeks, let Nature paint!
To all a Goddess seem to be;
And prove a Woman still to me!

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

How fresh does the morning appear!
The music, how sweet from the grove!
O, how blessed is the Swain that is clear
From the pains of unsatisfied love!
No slumber these eyes ever knew,
While PHŒBE remained unpossessed!
From friends and companions I flew,
A stranger to friendship and rest.

My sheep, by their Shepherd forsook,
Lay pent in their fold till midday,
Whilst I, by the side of a brook,
Would complain the dull hours away.
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Whose sweetness perfumed the soft air,
A joy to my senses could yield;
Unless the loved PHŒBE was there!

Alas! silly Swain! how I burned!
Sure, Passion like mine ne'er appeared!
When absent, her absence I mourned;
When present, her absence I feared!
But now all this folly is o'er,
Since PHŒBE to me has proved kind;
I sigh and I languish no more,
But contentment in everything find.

Full joy in her presence I have;
But her absence now breaks not my rest!
For, with her dear person, she gave
Me her heart, to lock up in my breast.
O, how cheerful my flocks now I guide,
At noon where to taste the fresh streams,
Whilst I sing, to the tune of *Tweed side*,
On the pleasanter banks of the Thames!

INVOCATION TO CLOE.

LET other Bards invoke the tuneful Nine,
Or call APOLLO to their great design;
Whilst I, contented with my happier fate,
A smile from you, to crown my labours wait.

Smile then propitious on my feeble Lays;
And make them equal to my CLOE's praise!
In that just mean, instruct my verse to flow;
Not harshly rough, nor languishingly slow:
But graceful easy Numbers let me bring!
Graceful and easy as the Nymph I sing!

Then when, with envy, future Bards enquire,
What powerful charms, such Numbers could inspire?
With pride and pleasure shall I own, that you
Who made the Lover, made the Poet too!

AULD ROBIN GREY.

[*THE FIRST PART.*

THE SECOND PART WAS NOT PRINTED UNTIL 1824.]

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my eye,
When my Gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young JEMMY loo'd me well, and he sought me for
his Bride ;
But saving a crown, he had naething beside !
To make that crown a pound, my JEMMY gade to sea ;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me !

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa' ;
My father brake his arm, and my JEMMY at the sea,
And auld ROBIN GREY came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin.
I toilèd day and night ; but their bread I coudna win !
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith ; and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said ' JENNY ! for their sakes, O, marry me !'

Lady Anne Barnard.

My heart, it said 'Nay!' I looked for JEMMY back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck.
The ship it was a wreck, why didna JEMMY die?
And why do I live to say 'Wae 's me!'

Auld ROBIN argued fair. Tho' my mother didna speak;
She lookèd in my face, till my heart was like to break!
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in
the sea;
And auld ROBIN GREY is Gudeman to me.

I hadna been a Wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my JEMMY's wraith; for I coudna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come back for to marry thee!'

O, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say!
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away!
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to say 'Wae 's me!'

I gang like a ghaist; and I carena to spin!
I darena think of JEMMY; for that wou'd be a sin!
But I'll do my best a gude Wife to be;
For auld ROBIN GREY is kind unto me.

THE TRIO.

WIT, LOVE, and REPUTATION walked
One ev'ning out of Town.

They sung, they laughed, they toyed, they talked,
Till night came darkling on.

LOVE, wilful, needs would be their guide,
And smiled at loss of day;
On her the kindred pair relied,
And lost with her the way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
All bleak the barren moor;
Across they toiled, when LOVE, grown bold,
Knocked loud at LABOUR's door.
A while within the reed-roofed cot
They stood, and stared at CARE;
But long could not endure the spot,
For POVERTY was there!

The twain proposed, next morn, to part,
And travel different ways.
Quoth LOVE, 'I soon shall find a heart!'
WIT went to look for PRAISE.
But REPUTATION, sighing, spoke
'Tis better we agree!
Though LOVE may laugh, and WIT may joke;
Yet, friends! take care of me!'

'Without me, Beauty wins no heart!
Without me, Wit is vain!
If, headstrong, here with me you part;
We ne'er can meet again!
Of me, you both should take great care;
And shun the rambling plan!
No calling back, my friends! I'll bear!
So keep me, while you can!'

LOVE stopped among the village youth,
Expecting to be crowned,
Enquiring for her brother TRUTH;
But TRUTH was never found!
She sought in vain; for LOVE was blind,
And HATE her guidance crost.
'Tis said, since TRUTH she cannot find,
That LOVE herself is lost!

GAY DAMON long studied, my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young Shepherd that pipes on the plain,
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss;
And I'd often say 'No!', when I longed to say 'Yes!'.

Last Valentine's Day, to our cottage he came;
And brought me two lambkins, to witness his flame.
'O, take these!', he cried, 'thou more fair than their
fleece!'
I could hardly say 'No!'; though ashamed to say 'Yes!'.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,
He pressed my hand hard, and in sighs breathed his love;
Then tenderly asked, If I'd grant him a kiss?
I designed to've said, 'No!'; but mistook, and said 'Yes!'.

At this, with delight his heart danced in his breast.
'Ye Gods!' he cried, 'CHLOE will now make me blest!
Come, let 's to the Church; and share conjugal bliss!'
To prevent being teased, I was forced to say 'Yes!'.

I ne'er was so pleased with a word in my life!
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a Wife!
Then take, ye young Damsels! my counsel in this,
You must all die Old Maids, if you will not say 'Yes!'.

THE shape and face let others prize,
And features of the Fair!
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her Air!
A rosy cheek and lily arm
Shall ne'er my fancy win!
Give me an animated Form,
That speaks a mind within!

A Soul where virtuous Honour shines;
Where Sense and Sweetness move!
Where Angel Innocence refines
The tenderness of Love!
These are the life of Beauty's frame!
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinished all her features seem,
And all her colours dead!

But when these charms do both unite,
How perfect is the view!
With every image of delight,
And graces ever new!
Their power but faintly to express,
All language must despair!
Go then, behold my CELIA's face,
And read it perfect there!

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL ! beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou Messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat ;
And woods, thy welcome sing !

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear !
Hast thou a star, to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful Visitant ! With thee
I hail the time of flowers ;
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The School-boy, wand'ring through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy Lay.

Rev. John Logan.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fli'st thy vocal vale!
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail!

Sweet bird! Thy bower is ever green!
Thy sky is ever clear!
Thou hast no sorrow in thy Song;
No winter in thy year!

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

'THE day is departed; and round from the cloud
The Moon in her beauty appears!
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears!
MARIA! appear! Now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune!
The time is so tender for Lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the Moon!'

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel!
I sigh! Can a Lover do more?
Her name to the Shepherds I never reveal;
Yet think of her all the day o'er!
'MARIA! my Love! Do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me, as you rove
Alone by the light of the Moon?'

'Your name from the Shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow!
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine ear,
My heart thrills! my eyes overflow!
Ye Powers of the sky! will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond Lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and MARIA be mine,
Alone by the light of the Moon?'

'APPROACH in silence! 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears! The second Age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder Vale
Are all my offspring; and each Nymph, who guards
The copses and the furrowed fields beyond,
Obeys me! Many changes have I seen
In human things; and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallowed Sons of Luxury and Guile,
Was armed for retribution! Thus, at length,
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of Wisdom; and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft presaged! and now, well pleased, I wait,
Every evening, till a noble Youth, who loves
My shade, a while released from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then, his musing mind
I prompt, unseen; and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good; and move his heart,
With the dread bounties of the Sire supreme
Of Gods and men, with Freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of Glory, and the faith
Of sacred Friendship! Stranger! I have told
My function! If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not leave
Unhonoured my abode! nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue!'

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

AT Upton on the Hill,
There lives a happy pair;
The Swain his name is WILL,
And MOLLY is the Fair.
Ten years are gone and more,
Since HYMEN joined these two;
Their hearts were one before
The sacred rites they knew.

Since which auspicious day,
Sweet harmony does reign:
Both love, and both obey;
Hear this, each Nymph and Swain!
If haply cares invade
(As who is free from care!)
Th' impression 's lighter made,
By taking each a share.

Pleased with a calm retreat,
They've no ambitious view:
In plenty live, not State,
Nor envy those that do.
Sure, Pomp is empty noise!
And cares increase with Wealth!
They aim at truer joys,
Tranquillity and Health!

With safety, and with ease,
Their present life does flow.
They fear no raging seas,
Nor rocks that lurk below.
May still a steady gale,
Their little bark attend !
And gently fill each sail,
Till Life itself shall end !

CONSIDER, dear Daughter ! what 'tis to be rich !
Nor spurn, thus unwise, at the blessing !
The views of being wealthy, most women bewitch !
Such Husbands are, sure, worth possessing !

You tell me 'He 's silly !'. I say, He has pence !
His acres are boundless ! his treasure 's immense !
A coach and six horses is Beauty and Sense !
Then, prithee, no longer refuse him !

THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN Britain, on her sea-girt shore,
Her ancient Druids erst addressed,
'What aid,' she cried, 'shall I implore ?'
What best defence, by numbers pressed ?'

'Though hostile nations round thee rise,'
The mystic Oracles replied,
'And view thine Isle with envious eyes;
Their threats defy! their rage deride!
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls!
Britain's best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls!

'Thine Oaks descending to the Main,
With floating forts shall stem the tide;
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thund'ring Navy rides!
Nor less to peaceful arts inclined,
Where Commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league Mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores!
Spread then thy sails, where naval glory calls!
Britain's best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls!'

Hail, happy Isle! what though thy vales
No vine-empurpled tribute yield,
Nor fanned with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;
Yet Liberty rewards the toil
Of Industry to labour prone;
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown!
While other realms tyrannic sway enthralls;
Britain's best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls!

STREPHON's sole care is, how to join
The lofty elm and tender vine;
Whilst in the vale beneath he views
His wand'ring sheep and grazing cows.

Sometimes he prunes the useless shoots,
And grafts a branch of better fruits ;
Or casks the honey's luscious juice,
Or shears his tender sickly ewes.

When Autumn's fruitful month appears,
He gathers, with delight, the pears,
And purple grapes so red, so sweet,
From trees and vines himself had set.

Sometimes he basks beneath the shade,
Or on the grass supinely laid,
Close by some brook, or limpid spring ;
Whilst all the winged musicians sing.

The rivers murmur as they creep,
And gently lull the Swain to sleep.
These pleasures and these sports remove
All thoughts of Care, and pains of Love !

No! No! 'Tis in vain, in this turbulent Town,
To expect either pleasure or rest!
To hurry and nonsense still tying us down,
'Tis an overgrown Prison at best!

From hence, to the Country escaping away;
Leave the crowd and the bustle behind!
And there, you'll see liberal Nature display
A thousand delights to Mankind!

The change of the Seasons, the sports of the fields,
The sweetly diversified scene,
The groves, and the gardens;—nay! everything yields
A happiness ever serene!

Here, here, from ambition and avarice free,
My days may I quietly spend!
Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvied by me,
May gather up wealth without end!

No! I thank them! I'll never, to add to my store,
My peace and my freedom resign!
For who, for the sake of possessing the ore,
Would be sentenced to dig in the mine?

CONTENTMENT.

No glory I covet! no riches I want!
Ambition is nothing to me!
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With Passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By Reason my life let me square!
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care!

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthy and wise!

In the pleasures the Great Man's possessions display,
Unenvied, I'll challenge my part!
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart!

How vainly, through infinite trouble and care,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
All but slaves, if they will, may enjoy!

If doughty deeds my Lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed!
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed!
I'll wear thy colours in my cap!
Thy picture in my heart!
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then, tell me, how to woo thee, Love!
O, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take;
Tho' ne'er another trow me!

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array!
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And Squire thee all the day!
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch!
Thy voice I steal, to woo thyself!
That voice that nane can match!
Then, tell me, how to woo thee, Love!
O, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take;
Tho' ne'er another trow me!

Robert Graham, later Cunningham-Graham.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow!

Nae maiden lays her skaith to me!
I never loved but you!

For you alone, I ride the ring!
For you, I wear the blue!

For you alone, I strive to sing!
O, tell me how to woo!

O, tell me, how to woo thee, Love!
O, tell me how to woo thee!

For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take;
Tho' ne'er another trow me!

THE INSENSIBLE.

THIRSID, a kind and artless Youth,
Pursues, with fervency and truth,
 CHLOE divinely fair.

She, sweetly innocent and gay,
Will talk to him the life-long day ;
 But with a careless Air.

To Love's soft Tale, the gentle Maid
Will lend a willing ear, 'tis said,
 And listen for a while :

Yet CHLOE, sure, will only prove
The joys of Friendship, not of Love ;
 So answers with a smile !

The Swain complains, He is not blest !
While CHLOE, in her frigid breast,
 The soft return conceals :

Always too easy, never kind,
To him insensible and blind ;
 Nor thinks what THIRSID feels !

CHLOE, be kind ! In time, refrain
To fill the gen'rous mind with pain !
 A secret I'll impart !

With gentle looks, your Lover meet !
Be tender, yielding ; yet discreet !
 This, this, will keep his heart !

THEY tell me, That PHILLIS is witty and fair,
That sweet is her voice, and engaging her Air;
But can she, like EMMA, this maxim pursue?
To be witty and gay:—*yet be innocent too!*

If, to kill a dull hour, I go to the Ball;
The dancing of PHILLIS is praisèd by all!
Yet, sure, there is nothing but EMMA will do;
For she'll gracefully dance, *and be innocent too!*

Young DAMON I met, t'other day, on the road,
He boasted of favours by PHILLIS bestowed;
And EMMA (believe me!), though grave, on a few
Will favours confer:—*yet be innocent too!*

They say, That where PHILLIS but darts her bright eyes,
A conquest is gained, and the prisoner dies;
But EMMA will look, and no danger ensue.
For what if she wounds? *She'll be innocent too!*

LUCETTA, the Maid of fair PHILLIS, declares,
That whom her heart thinks on, her beauty ensnares.
And I can tell him who, dear EMMA! loves you;
Because you are handsome, *and innocent too!*

No longer attempt then, ye Bards! or ye Beaus!
The praises of PHILLIS in verse, or in prose;
But turn, pray, your eyes, and my EMMA well view!
She is all that is lovely, *and innocent too!*

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

YOUNG COLIN, fishing near the Mill,
Saw SALLY underneath the Hill,
Whose heart Love's tender power could feel.
The Mill was stopped, no Miller there,
She smiled to see the Youth appear;
But turned about her Spinning Wheel.

'Thy cheeks,' says he, 'like peaches bloom!
Thy breath is like the Spring's perfume!
On thy sweet lips, my love I'll seal!
Yon stately swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to SALLY's breast and neck!'
But still she turned her Spinning Wheel.

'Though, Fair One! Beauty's transient power
Fades like the new-blown gaudy flower;
Not so, where Virtue loves to dwell!
For where sweet Modesty appears
We never see the Vale of Years!
She smiled, and stopped her Spinning Wheel.

'The pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,'
Says she, 'I scorn, for Peace and Health;
Where honest Labour earns her meal!
Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale
Can never o'er my heart prevail;
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel!

'The Swain who loves the virtuous mind,
Alone can make young SALLY kind!

For him, I'll toil! I'll spin and reel!
'It is the voice,' says he, 'of Love!
Come, hasten to yon Church above!'

She blushed; and left her Spinning Wheel.

THE RACE.

IF from the lustre of the sun,
To catch your fleeting shade you run;
In vain, is all your haste, Sir!
But if your feet reverse the race,
The fugitive will urge the chase,
And follow you as fast, Sir!

So if, at any time, as now,
Some scornful FLAVIA you pursue,
In hopes to overtake her;
Be sure, you ne'er too eager be!
But look upon 't as cool as she,
And seemingly forsake her!

So I and PHILLIS, t'other day,
Were coursing round a cock of hay,
Whilst I could ne'er o'erget her;
But, whilst I found I ran in vain,
Quite tired, I turned me back again;
And flying from her, met her!

WHY asks my friend, What cheers my passing day,
Where these lone fields my rural home inclose,
That all the pomp the crowded City shows
Ne'er from that home allures my steps away?
Now, through the upland shade I musing stray,
And catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows.
Now, in the meads, on river banks repose,
And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay.
Now, pleased, I read the Poet's lofty Lay;
Where Music fraught with useful Knowledge flows.
Now, DELIA's converse makes the moments gay,
The Maid for love and innocence I chose.
O, friend! The man who joys like these can taste,
On Vice and Folly needs no hour to waste!

To his Wife.

FRIEND of my heart! by fav'ring Heaven bestowed,
My loved companion on Life's various road!
Now six swift years have winged their flight away
Since yon bright sun adorned our nuptial day!
For thy sweet smiles, that all my cares remove,
Soothe all my griefs, and all my joys improve;
For thy sweet converse, ever framed to please,
With prudence lively, sensible with ease;
To thee, the Muse awakes her tuneful Lay,
The thanks of gratitude sincere to pay!

Thus long may HYMEN hold for us his reign;
And twine, with wreaths of flowers, his easy chain!
Still may fond Love and firmest Faith be mine;
Still Health, and Peace, and Happiness be thine!

THE JOLLY BRISK TAR.

EARLY one morn, a jolly brisk Tar,
Signal being made for sailing,
Nimbly stepped down, and told his Dear,
Who was her loss bewailing,
'Orders are come ! We must unmoor !
The boat 'longside lays waiting !
Haste away, MOLL ! you must on shore !
This is no time for prating !

MOLLY, with arms about his neck,
Looked as if life had left her :
So sad a word from her dear JACK,
Of spirits quite bereft her !
He, seeing her cheeks to look so wan,
Laughed at the silly creature,
Till from her heart the blood began
To brighten every feature.

' Prithee, my Dear ! since I must go,
Why such concern at parting ?
You may be happy, you well know !
Other men's Wives consorting !'
' O, no ! my Dear ! say no such thing !
Should I e'er cease from crying ;
I should, perhaps, rejoice and sing,
If you, by a shot, lay dying !'

Just as she spoke, old TRINCULO's call
‘All hands, aloft!’ did rattle.
JACK, with a frown, cries, ‘Zounds! come, MOLL!
This is no time for prattle!
Into the boat! The ship 's on way!’
MOLLY climbs slowly over;
At every step, she cries, ‘Day! Day!’
And sighs do her fears discover.

Now, afar off, with wat'ry eyes,
She saw the ship a sailing:
Thither she looks, and there she cries,
Speech o'er her tears prevailing,
‘Oh! there he goes! my Dear is gone!
Gone is my heart's desire!
Oh! may the bullets miss my JOHN!
That is all I require!’

THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

WHAT lives are so happy as those of the Fair!
Who scarcely one moment from pleasure can spare;
But leave to their Husbands reflection and care!
Such, such is the life of a Belle!

All morning, when others are up and employed,
She 's dreaming of pleasures the last night enjoyed;
Whilst BETTY, for orders attends at her side.

Such, such is the life of a Belle!

She breakfasts at noon, and just slips on her gown;
Calls a Chair to the door, and away, round the Town!
And, just about two, in the Park is set down.

Such, such is the life of a Belle!

Then, trips up the Mall, and soon joins with the rest;
And of each awkward creature she meets, makes a jest!
Kills two or three Beaus; and away to be drest!

Such, such is the life of a Belle!

She seldom attends either High Church, or Low;
But never is absent, when other Belles go!
Nor scruples to pray, if the fashion be so!

Such, such is the life of a Belle!

Her dinner and dressing employ her till eve.
Some troublesome tradesman, to see her begs leave;
But the coach at the door soon procures a reprieve.

Such, such is the life of a Belle!

All evening, she visits, drinks tea, plays her fan,
Collects all the news, and what chitchat she can,
And wonders her Sex can be fond of a man!

Such, such is the life of a Belle! . . .

COME here, fond Youth! whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me;
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither, and thy flame approve!
I'll teach thee, What it is to love?
And by what marks, true Passion may be found?

It is to be all bathed in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To lie whole Ages at a Beauty's feet,
To kneel, to languish and implore,
And still, though she disdain, adore!
It is to do all this; and think thy sufferings sweet!

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise;
Yet tempered with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel, who wait their doom:
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear!

It is to hope, though hope were lost!
Though Heaven and Earth thy Passion crost!
Though She were bright as sainted Queens above,
And thou the least and meanest Swain
That folds his flock upon the plain:
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love!

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears !
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved ;
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any Nymph old Poets drew,
O, never dream again, that thou hast loved !

If when the darling Maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapped in a pleasing trance of tender woe,
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms ;
Thou dost not love ! For Love is nourished so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those that Love has planted there,
Or any cares but his, thy breast enthrall ;
Thou never yet his power hast known !
Love sits on a despotic throne ;
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all !

Now, if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure !
We'll strive whose Fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest Passion most !
For if thou thus hast loved, O, never hope a cure !

SYLVIA. *LEAVE me, simple Shepherd! leave me!*
Drag no more a hopeless chain!
I cannot like, nor would deceive, thee!
Love the Maid that loves again!

CORIN. Though more gentle Nymphs surround me,
Kindly pitying what I feel;
Only you have power to wound me,
SYLVIA! only you can heal!

SYLVIA. *CORIN! cease this idle teasing!*
Love that's forced is harsh and sour!
If the Lover be displeasing,
To persist disgusts the more!

CORIN. 'Tis in vain, in vain to fly me!
SYLVIA! I will still pursue!
Twenty thousand times deny me,
I will kneel and weep anew!

SYLVIA. *CUPID ne'er shall make me languish!*
I was born averse to Love!
Lovers' sighs, and tears, and anguish
Mirth and pastime to me prove!

CORIN. Still I vow, with patient duty,
 Thus to meet your proudest scorn!
You, for unrelenting beauty;
 I for constant love was born!

But the Fates had not consented;
 Since they both did fickle prove.
Of her scorn, the Maid repented;
 And the Shepherd—of his love!

WHEN first, upon your tender cheek,
I saw the Morn of Beauty break
 With mild and cheering beam,
I bowed before your infant shrine.
The earliest sighs you had were mine;
 And you, my darling theme!

I saw you, in that opening Morn,
For Beauty's boundless Empire born,
 And first confessed your sway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
 I gave my heart away!

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

I watched the dawn of every grace,
And gazed upon that Angel face,
 While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;
And fondly blessed each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
 The peace of future days.

But now, despotic o'er the plains
The awful Noon of Beauty reigns ;
 And kneeling crowds adore !
These charms arise too fiercely bright
Danger and death attend the sight,
 And I must hope no more !

Thus, to the rising God of Day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
 And bless the spreading fire ;
Whose glowing chariot, mounting soon,
Pours on their head the burning Noon,
 They sicken and expire !

Justice Sir Thomas Burnet.

THE mind of bright SUKY 's a jewel,
Well set in a delicate frame;
But ANNAMA pleases me too well,
To examine what causes the flame!

The charms of sweet SUKY inspire me,
Her face, shape, and wit, I adore;
But ANNAMA's smiling eyes fire me,
The raptures I ne'er felt before!

The one every act is so good in;
Each word and each look I approve!
The other so smiles on a sudden,
I only know this, that I love!

His measure with SUKY TIME loses,
Hours fly like the minutes away!
If ANNA her presence refuses,
One minute appears a whole day!

To music when SUKY light bounds,
My fancy too dances the Hays!
When ANNAMA's spinet resounds,
I feel, on my heart-strings she plays!

One sister my head so possesses,
My reason with her would take part!
The other, that rebel suppresses;
And, absolute, reigns in my heart!

LINES

*ADDRESSED BY A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE, AFTER
BEING SIX YEARS MARRIED, AND SHARING A GREAT
VARIETY OF FORTUNE TOGETHER.*

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
 To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern Wits and fools despise,
 Of Husband and of Wife!

One mutual flame inspires our bliss!
The tender look, the melting kiss,
 Even years have not destroyed!
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
 Chaste Love can ne'er be cloyed!

Have I a wish? 'Tis all for thee!
Hast thou a wish? 'Tis all for me!
 So soft our moments move!
What numbers look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days;
 And bid us, live—and love!

Anonymous.

If care arise (and cares will come!),
Thy bosom is my softest home!

I lull me there to rest!
And is there aught disturbs my Fair?
I bid her, sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast!

Have I a joy? 'Tis all her own!
Or hers and mine are all but one!

Our hearts are so intwined
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoined!

A HAPPY HUSBAND.

Edinburgh, October 11 [1773].

TRUE BLUE.

I HOPE there's no Soul
Met over this bowl,
But means honest ends to pursue!
With the voice, go the heart!
And let's never depart
From the faith of an honest True Blue!

For country and friends,
Let us scorn private ends,
And keep old British virtue in view !
Despising the tribe
Who are swayed by a bribe ;
Be honest, and ever True Blue !

On the politic knave,
Who strives to enslave,
Whose schemes the whole nation may rue ;
On Pension and Place,
That cursèd disgrace ;
Turn your backs, and be staunch ! be True Blue !

With hounds and with horn,
We will rise in the morn,
With vigour the fox to pursue ;
'Corruption' 's the cry,
We will chase till we die !
'Tis worthy a British True Blue !

Here 's a Health to all those
Who do slavery oppose ;
And our trade both defend and renew !
To each honest voice
That concurs in the choice
And support of an honest True Blue !

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

[Thursday, March 5, 1772.]

*Mark it, CÆSARIO ! It is old and plain !
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the sun,
And the free Maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it !*

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When Lads and Lasses tartan wore,
Soft Music rang in ilka shore

In hamely weid :

But Harmony is now no more ;
And Music, dead !

Round her the feathered choir would wing,
Sae bonnily she used to sing,
And sleely wake the sleeping string,

Their Sang to lead,
Sweet as the zephyrs of the Spring :
But now she 's dead !

Mourn, ilka Nymph, and ilka Swain !
Ilk sunny hill and dowie glen !
Let weeping streams and Naiads drain

Their fountain-head !
Let ECHO swell the dolesu' strain ;
Since Music 's dead !

Robert Fergusson.

Whan the saft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-haired Winter'sogs awa',
Naebody then is heard to blaw
 Near hill or mead,
On chaunter, or on aiten straw;
 Since Music 's dead!

Nae Lasses now, on Simmer days,
Will lilt at bleachin of their claes!
Nae Herds, on Yarrow's bonny braes,
 Or banks of Tweed,
Delight to chant their hameil Lays!
 Since Music 's dead!

At gloming now, the Bagpipe 's dumb,
When weary owsen hameward come,
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
 And Pibrachs skreed!
We never hear its warlike hum,
 For Music 's dead!

MACGIBBON 's gone! Ah! wae 's my heart!
The man in Music maist expert!
Wha cou'd sweet harmony impart;
 And tune the reed
Wi' sic a slee and pawky art!
 But now he 's dead!

Robert Fergusson.

Ilk Carline now may grunt and grane!
Ilk bonny Lassie make great mane!
Since he 's awa', I trow De'il ane
 Can fill his stead!
The blythest Sangster on the plain!
 Alake! he 's dead!

Now foreign *Sonnets* bear the gree,
And crabbit queer variety
Of sounds fresh sprung from Italy:
 A bastard breed!
Unlike that saft-tongued Melody
 Which now lies dead!

Can lav'rocks at the dawning day,
Can linties chirming frae the spray,
Or toddling burns that smoothly play
 O'er gowden bed,
Compare wi' *Birks of Indermay*?
 But now they're dead!

O, Scotland! that cou'd yence afford
To bang the pith of Roman sword,
Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
 To battle speed;
And fight till Music be restored?
 Which now lies dead.

BRAID CLAITH.

[Thursday, October 15, 1772.]

YE wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote in the bonny Book of Fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
 To laurelled wreath!
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
 In guude Braid Claith!

He that some ells o' this may fa',
An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
 Wi' a' this graith,
When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
 O' guude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has na fek o't!
For he 's a gowk they're sure to geck at!
A chiel that ne'er will be respekit
 While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
 Wi' guude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath days, the Barber Spark,
Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
 Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
 In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,
 Wou'd be right laith,
When pacing, wi' a gawsy Air,
 In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a Lady's ein,
He maunna care for being seen
 Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
 O' gude Braid Claith!

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care!
But crook her bonny mou' fu' fair;
 And scald him baith!
Wooers shou'd ay their travel spare,
 Without Braid Claith!

Robert Fergusson.

Braid Claith lends flock an unco heese !

Makes mony kail-worms butterflies !

Gives mony a Doctor his degrees

For little skaith !

In short, you may be what you please,

Wi' guude Braid Claith !

For thof ye had as wise a snout on

As SHAKESPEARE, or Sir ISAAC NEWTON ;

Your judgement frouk woud hae a doubt on ,

I'll tak my aith !

Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on

O' guude Braid Claith .

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

[Thursday, May 13, 1773.]

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivia BACCHO,
Ante focum, si frigus erit.*

VIRGIL, *Bucolics.*

WHAN gloming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,

Whan BATIE ca's his owsen to the byre,

Whan Thrasher JOHN, fair dung, his barndoors steeks,

And lusty Lasses at the dighting tire ;

What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,

And gars snaw-tapit Winter freeze in vain ;

Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,

Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain ;

Begin, my Muse ! and chant in hamely strain !

Frae the big stack, weel winnow 't on the hill,
Wi' divets theek it frae the weet and drift,
Sods, peats, and heath'ry trufs the chimley fill,
And gar their thick'ning smeek salute the lift !
The Gudeman, new come hame, is blyth to find,
Whan he out o'er the halland flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean !
For cleanly house looes he, tho' e'er sae mean !

Weel kens the Gudewife that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith and refreshing synd
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire !
Sair wark and poortith douna weel be joined !
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks,
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams
The readied kail stand by the chimley cheeks
And had the riggin het wi' welcome steams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs a lesson lear !
Wad they to iabouring lend an eidant hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare ;
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand !
Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day ;
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound !
No Doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
Till Death slip sleeely on, and gi'e the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done!
By this, did mony wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun!
'Twas this, that braced their gardies, stiff and strang,
That bent the deidly yew in antient days!
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang!
Gar'd Scottish thristles bang the Roman bays;
For, near our crest, their heads they doughtna raise!

The couthy cracks begin whan supper 's o'er,
The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
O' Simmer's showery blinks and Winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailins produce hash.
'Bout Kirk and Market eke their tales gae on;
How Jock woo'd JENNY here, to be his Bride. . . .

The Fient a chiep 's amang the bairnies now;
For a' their anger 's wi' their hunger gane!
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane,
In rangles round before the Ingle's low.
Frae Gudame's mouth, Auld-Warld Tale they hear,
O' Warlocks louping round the Wirrikow;
O' gaists that win in Glen and Kirk-yard drear;
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak
wi' fear!

Robert Fergusson.

For weel she trows, that Fients and Fairies be
 Sent frae the De'il to fleetch us to our ill!
That ky hae tint their milk wi' Evil Eie!
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill!
O, mock na this! my friends! but rather mourn,
 Ye in Life's brawest Spring, wi' reason clear!
Wi' Eild, our idle fancies a' return
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear!
 The mind 's ay *cradled*, when the grave is near!

Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days!
 Tho' Age, her sair-dowed front wi' runcles wave,
Yet frae the russet lap the Spindle plays!
 Her e'enin stent reels she as weel 's the lave!
On some Feast Day, the wee things buskit braw
 Shall heeze her heart up, wi' a silent joy!
Fu' cadgie that her head was up and saw
 Her ain-spun cleething on a darling oy,
Careless tho' Death shou'd make the Feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,
 Whare the Gudeman aft strecks him at his ease.
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
 O' lab'rers doil'd upo' the wintry leas.
Round him will badrins and the colly come
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
 O' kebbox whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie.
 This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee!

Robert Fergusson.

Frae him, the Lads their morning counsel tak,
What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till,
How big a birn maun lie on Bassie's back,
For meal and multure to the thirling mill.
Niest, the Gudewife, her hireling damsels bids
Glowr thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound;
Take tent case Crummy tak her wonted tids,
And ca' the leglin's treasure on the ground;
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

'Then a' the house, for sleep begin to grien,
Their joints to slack frae industry a while.
The leaden God fa's heavy on their ein,
And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil.
The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
The restit Ingle 's done the maist it dow.
Tacksman and Cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till wauken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

Peace to the Husbandman and a' his tribe!
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year;
Long may his sock and couter turn the gleyb,
And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's Simmers ay look gay and green!
Her yellow harsts frae scowry blasts decreed;
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien!
Frae the hard grip of ails and poortith freed;
And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours succeed!

THE SAILOR'S BALLAD.

How pleasant a Sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery Main!
No treasure he ever amasses ;
But cheerfully spends all his gain !
We're strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honesty true ;
And would not commit a base action
For Power, or Profit, in view !

CHORUS. Then, why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toy ?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes through the world, brave Boy !

The world is a beautiful garden
Enriched with the blessings of life :
The toiler, with Plenty rewarding ;
Which Plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright;
No Grandeur, or Wealth, can avail us;
But skilful Industry steers right!

CHORUS. Then, why should we quarrel for riches, &c.

The Courtier 's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the State;
Than we, that, to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the Great.
The various blessings of Nature,
In various nations we try:
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die!

CHORUS. Then, why should we quarrel for riches, &c.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

'WELL met, pretty Nymph!' says a jolly young Swain
To a beautiful Shepherdess crossing the plain,
'Why so much in haste?' Now the month it was May.
'Shall I venture to ask you, fair Maiden! which way?'
Then straight to this question the Nymph did reply,
With a smile on her look and a leer in her eye,
'I am come from the village, and homeward I go;
And now, gentle Shepherd! pray, why would you know?'

'I hope, pretty Maid! you won't take it amiss;
If I tell you the reason of asking you this.
I would see you safe home!' Now the Swain was in love.
'Of such a companion if you would approve?'
'Your offer, kind Shepherd! is civil, I own;
But I see no great danger in going alone!
Nor yet can I hinder; the road being free
For one as another, for you or for me!'

'No danger in going alone, it is true;
But yet a companion is pleasanter too!
And if you could like,' Now the Swain, he took heart.
'Such a one as me, Mistress! we never would part!'
'O, that 's a long word!' said the Shepherdess then,
'For I've often heard say, "There 's no minding you men!"
You'll say and unsay; and you'll flatter, 'tis true!
Then leave a young Maiden, the first thing you do!'

'O, judge not so harshly!' the Shepherd replied,
'For to prove what I say, I will make you my Bride!
To-morrow, the Parson (well said, little Swain!)
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain!
Then what the Nymph answered to this, is not said;
But the very next morn, to be sure, they were wed.
Sing Hey diddle! Ho diddle! Hey diddle down!
Now, when shall we see such a Wedding in Town?

SONGS FROM 'THE WATERMAN.'

1774.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young Waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply?
And he feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye.
He looked so neat, and rowed so steadily,
The Maidens all flocked in his boat so readily;
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an Air,
That this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare!

What sights of fine folks he oft rowed in his Wherry!
'Twas cleaned out so nice, and so painted withal.
He was always 'first oars!', when the fine City Ladies,
In a party, to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering;
But 'twas all one to TOM, their gibing and jeering!
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare!

And yet (but to see how strangely things happen!)
As he rowed along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was plied by a Damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smiled; and so straightway in love he
did fall!

And would this young Damsel but banish his sorrow;
He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow!
And how should this Waterman ever know care,
When he 's married, and never in want of a fare?

THEN, farewell, my trim-built Wherry!
Oars, and Coat, and Badge, farewell!
Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
Shall your THOMAS take a spell!

But, to Hope and Peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go!
Where, exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low!

Then, mayhap, when, homeward steering
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry, ' Poor TOM! '

MYRTILLA.

YE cheerful Virgins! have ye seen
My fair MYRTILLA pass the green
 To rose, or jessamine, bower?
Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
For, sure, you know the blooming Maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flower!

Her cheeks are like the blushing rose,
Joined with the lily as it grows;
 Where each alike surprise.
Like the bright dewdrops in the Morn,
When PHÆBUS gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eyes!

Her Song is like the linnet's Lay;
That warbles sweetly in the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam.
Her heart is blither than her Song!
Her Passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

THE END OF THE GOLDSMITH ANTHOLOGY.

FIRST LINES AND NOTES.

Many of these Poems became immediately popular; and appeared in other contemporary editions than those here quoted, often with great variations in the texts.

All the Works herein quoted were published in London, unless otherwise stated.

Where a text is found associated with music, (M.) is put after its date.

Many of the Songs of this period are not to be found in the *Book of the Words of the Play*; in which they were sung: but were separately published on engraved sheets with the music; usually without any date, or place of publication, which however was London in most cases. G. 306, G. 378 a, H. 150, I. 530, &c. are the Press-marks of the Volumes of such engraved Songs, in the Music Department of the British Museum, from which the present texts have been taken.

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D. MALLETT. <i>Britannia</i> , 1755.		T. G. SMOLLETT. <i>The Reprisal</i> , 1757.	
A Grecian Youth, of talents rare .	150	Behold, my Fair! where'er we rove ..	115
W. WHITEHEAD, P.L. In R. DODSLEY'S <i>Collection</i> , &c., II, 1748.		S. JOHNSON, LL.D. <i>Works</i> , XI, 1787.	
And are ye sure, the news is true ?	234	But are you sure, the news is true ?	234
See But are you sure, the news is		W. J. MICKLE. In <i>Scots Songs</i> , ed. by D. HERD, Edin., 1760. The authorship is fixed in R. H. CROMER's <i>Select Scottish Songs</i> , 1810; who prints MICKLE's first draft of this Poem. The 9th and 10th stanzas, here bracketed, are by Dr. JAMES BEATTIE; see CROMER's <i>Select Scottish Songs</i> , 1810, I. 190: and were added after 1776.	
And did you not hear of a jolly ..	296	By these presents, be it known ..	154
C. DIBBIN. <i>The Waterman</i> , 1774.		H. WALPOLE, Earl of ORFORD. <i>Works</i> , IV, 1798.	
Approach in silence ! 'Tis no ..	257		
M. AKENSIDE, M.D. <i>Inscriptions in Poems</i> , 1772.			
A Scholar first my love implored .	165		
D. D'B—— [Lady D. DU BOIS]. <i>Poems</i> , Dublin, 1764.			
As Nature and Garrick were	181		
ANON. In <i>New Foundling Hospital for Wit</i> , IV; of which Six Parts were issued between 1769 and 1773.			
Asses' milk, half a pint, take at	72		
P. J. STANHOPE, Earl of CHESTERFIELD. In R. DODSLEY'S <i>Collection</i> , &c., I, 1748.			
A Templar (who loves yon, dear ..	220		
G. CANNING the Elder. <i>Poems</i> , 1767.			
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ANON. In <i>Calliope</i> II [1739].			
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T. GRAY. 1757. The present text and notes are from his <i>Poems</i> , ed. by W. MASON, York, 1775.			
Awake, ye drowsy Swains !	38		
A. BRADLEY. In <i>Musical Miscellany</i> , II, 1729. (M.)			
 Before the urchin well could go ..	126		
C. WYSDHAM, Earl of EGREMONT. G. 306. (M.) Authorship fixed by H. WALPOLE, in his <i>Cat. of noble Authors</i> , 1806.			
 Daughter sweet of Voice and Air !	76		
ANON. G. 307. (M.)			
Dear Batchelour ! I've rend your ..	224		
A ROSS. <i>The Fortunate Shepherdess</i> , &c., Aberdeen, 1768.			

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Dear Chloe! what means this	160	How easy was Colin, how blithe	129
<i>Poems on several subjects [by J. G. COOPER], 1764.</i>		I. S. H. Written in 1753. In R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , IV, 1755.	
Dear Chloe! while the busy crowd	122	How fresh does the morning	246
N. COTTON, M.D. In R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , IV, 1755.		C. SACKVILLE, Duke of DORSET. In <i>New Review</i> , III, ed. by H. MATY, 1783.	
Dear Chloe! while thus, beyond	162	How little do the land-men know	190
ANON. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for March, 1735.		D. GARRICK. In Capt. E. THOMPSON's <i>Fair Quaker of Deal</i> , 1773. G. 303. (M.)	
 Early one morn, a jolly brisk Tar	271	How pleasant a Sailor's life passes	293
ANON. G. 307. (M.)		ANON. G. 308. (M.)	
Erst, in Cythera's sacred shade	232	How sleep the Brave, who sink to	58
Rt. Hon. Justice Sir J. MARRIOTT. <i>Poems</i> , 1760. An earlier and variant text had appeared in R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , IV, 1755.		W. COLLINS. <i>Odes</i> , 1747. This Ode was written to the memory of the English who were killed at the Battle of Culloden.	
 Fair Hebe I left, with a cautious	226	How stands the Glass around ?	50
J. WEST, Earl DE LA WARR. In <i>Clio and Euterpe</i> , I, 1758. (M.)		ANON. I. 530. (M.)	
Far in the windings of a vale	142	How welcome, my Shepherd ! how	242
D. MALLET. <i>Edwin and Emma</i> , Birmingham, 1760.		ANON. In J. F. LAMPE's <i>Wit musically embellished</i> [1730]. H. 1625 a. (M.)	
 Fervid on the glitt'ring flood	204	 I am a Batchelor winsome	222
J. CUNNINGHAM. <i>Poems</i> , Newcastle, 1771.		A. ROSS. <i>The Fortunate Shepherdess</i> , &c., Aberdeen, 1768.	
Friend of my heart ! by fav'ring	270	If aught of oaten stop, or Pastoral	56
J. SCOTT. <i>Poetical Works</i> , 1782.		W. COLLINS. This is the earlier text in <i>Odes</i> , 1747. A revised text is in R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , I, 1748.	
From Lincoln to London rode forth	39	If doughty deeds my Lady please	264
W. SHENSTONE. <i>Works</i> , 1764.		R. GRAHAM, afterwards CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM. As printed in Mr. F. J. PALGRAVE's <i>Golden Treasury</i> , &c., Cambridge, 1861.	
 Gay Damon long studied, my heart	252	If from the lustre of the sun	269
ANON. H. 1994. (M.)		ANON. In <i>Musical Miscellany</i> , 1760.	
'Genteel is my Damon, engaging.. . .	169	I hope there's no Soul	281
Queen CHARLOTTE SOPHIA. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for March, 1765.		ANON. G. 316. (M.)	
 Good people all, of every sort	8	I'm lonesome, since I crossed the.. . .	120
O. GOLDSMITH. In <i>The Vicar of Wakefield</i> , 1766.		ANON. As printed by Mr. W. CHAPPELL in his <i>Popular Music of the Olden Time</i> ; who thought that this Song was written about 1758.	
Guardian Angels ! now protect me !	52	In Britain's Isle, no matter where	86
ANON. G. 308. (M.)		[T. GRAY.] <i>Designs</i> , by Mr. R. BENTLEY, for <i>Six Poems</i> by Mr. T. GRAY. 1753.	
 Hail ! beauteous stranger of the.. . .	254	In Georgia's land, where Tiflis'	53
Rev. J. LOGAN. <i>Poems</i> , 1781.		W. COLLINS. <i>Oriental Eclogues</i> , 1757.	
Henrietta's serious charms..... . . .	153	In holiday gown, and my new	200
H. WALPOLE, Earl of ORFORD. <i>Works</i> , IV, 1798.		J. CUNNINGHAM. <i>Poems</i> , Newcastle, 1771.	
Here, in cool grot and mossy cell	45	In the barn, the tenant Cock	202
W. SHENSTONE. <i>A Description of The Leasowes</i> in <i>Works</i> , 2nd Ed., 1765.		J. CUNNINGHAM. <i>Poems</i> , Newcastle, 1771.	
Her sheep had in clusters crept	207	In vain, with riches would you try	244
J. CUNNINGHAM. <i>Poems</i> , Newcastle, 1771.		C. SACKVILLE, Duke of DORSET. In <i>New Review</i> , III, ed. by H. MATY, 1783.	
Hope, thou Nurse of young Desire !	159	I told my Nymph, I told her true	44
I. BICKERSTAFFE. <i>Love in a Village</i> , 1763.		W. SHENSTONE. <i>Works</i> , 1764.	
How blessed has my time been !	131		
E. MOORE. <i>Poems</i> , &c., 1756.			

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It was a Friar of Orders Gray	170	No! No! 'Tis in vain, in this	202
T. PERCY, Bishop of DROMORE. <i>Reliques of Ancient English Poetry</i> , I, 1705. This Poem was written after O. GOLDSMITH's <i>Edward and Angelina</i> , at pp. 1-8.		Rev. T. FITZGERALD. <i>Poems</i> , Oxf., 1731.	
I've seen of a hutting, at our ewes'	170	No Nymph of the plain I can find	139
J. ELLIOT. Written in 1755. In <i>Scots Songs</i> , ed. by D. HERD, Edin., 1769.		H KELLY. <i>Works</i> , 1778.	
I've seen the smiling	172	Not the soft sighs of vocal gales	118
A. COCKBURN. First published in <i>The Lark</i> , Vol. I (all published), Edin., 1765. The present text is from <i>Scots Songs</i> , ed. by D. HERD, Edin., 1769.		S. JOHNSON, LL.D. <i>Works</i> , XI, 1787.	
Kitty's charming Voice and Face	164	O'er the heath, the heifer strays	205
ANON. In Dr. J. AIKIN's <i>Vocal Poetry</i> , 1810.		J. CUNNINGHAM. <i>Poems</i> , Newcastle, 1771.	
Leave, Garrick! the rich	182	Of old, when Scarron his	25
W. Pitt, Earl of CHATHAM. In <i>New Foundling Hospital for Wit</i> , VI, 1760-1773.		O. GOLDSMITH. Posthumously published in 1774. The present text is from an edition of that year, <i>With Explanatory Notes, &c.</i>	
Leave me, simple Shepherd! leave	276	Oft I've implored the Gods in vain	214
A. L. BARBAULD. <i>Poems</i> , 3rd Ed., 1773.		Mrs. — GREVILLE. In G. PEARCH's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , I, 1775.	
Let other Bards invoke the tuneful	247	O, how could I venture to love one	59
C. SACKVILLE, Duke of DORSET. In <i>New Review</i> , III, ed. by H. MATY, 1783.		Rev. A. WEBSTER, D.D. In <i>Scots Magazine</i> for November, 1747. Authorship fixed in W. STENHOUSE, <i>Illustrations, &c.</i> , Edin., 1853.	
Let the Nymph still avoid, and be	133	Old Time and Pleasure, on a day	168
T. G. SMOLLETT. <i>The Reprisal</i> , 1757.		D. D'B — [Lady D. DU BOIS]. <i>Poems</i> , Dublin, 1764.	
Let who will, complain of the	166	O, Nancy! wilt thou go with me	174
D. D'B — [Lady D. DU BOIS]. In <i>London Magazine</i> for November, 1767.		T. PERCY, Bishop of DROMORE. In R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , VI, 1758.	
Life has no real bliss in store!	213	Once more, I tune the vocal shell!	184
<i>Poems by a Lady</i> [J. H. PYE], 1767.		D. GARRICK. G. 310. (M.)	
Mistaken Fair! lay 'Sherlock' by!	71	On Scotia's plains, in days of	283
P. D. STANHOPE, Earl of CHESTERFIELD. In R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , I, 1748.		R. FERGUSON. In <i>Weekly Magazine</i> , XV, Edin., 1772.	
My sheep I neglected, I lost my	170	On the brow of a Hill a young	106
Sir G. ELLIOT, Bart. <i>The Charmer</i> , Edin., 1749. The present text is from the 2nd Ed., Edin., 1752.		M. JONES. <i>Miscellanies</i> , Oxf., 1750.	
My temples, with clusters of grapes	119	'Perhaps, it is not Love,' said I	48
ANON. G. 310. (M.)		W. SHENSTONE. <i>Works</i> , 1764.	
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Dean P. FLETCHER. In R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection, &c.</i> , III, 1748.		ANON. In <i>Jacobite Relics, &c.</i> , ed. by J. HOGG, Edin., 1819, 1821.	
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H. KELLY. <i>Works</i> , 1778.		ANON. G. 311. (M.)	
No glory I covet! no riches I	263	Sick of the World, fair Delia flew	141
Rev. T. FITZGERALD. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for June, 1750. (M.)		ANON. G. 311. (M.)	
		Sir John Cope trod the North	33
		ANON. In <i>Jacobite Relics, &c.</i> , ed. by J. HOGG, Edin., 1819, 1821.	
		Sisters of the tuneful strain!	194
		D. GARRICK. <i>The Jubilee</i> , 1770.	
		Soft slept the sea within its silver	233
		Rt Hon. Justice Sir J. MARRIOTT. In J. RETZER's <i>Choice, &c.</i> , V, Vienna, 1786.	

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Some cry up Gunnersbury!.....	66	The smiling Morn, the breathing ..	147
W. PULTENEY, Earl of BATH. In <i>New Foundling Hospital for Wit</i> , IV, 1760-1773.		The first two stanzas are by D. MALLET, and first appeared in W. THOMSON's <i>Orpheus Caledonius</i> , 2nd Ed., 1733. (M.) The last three stanzas, here bracketed, first appeared in A. RAMSAY's <i>Tea Table Miscellany</i> , IV, 10th Ed., 1740; and are attributed to Rev. A. BRYCE, by W. STEN- HOUSE, in his <i>Illustrations</i> , &c., Edin., 1853.	
Strephon's sole care is, how to....	261	The western sky was purpled o'er	46
ANON. In B. WAKEFIELD's <i>Warbling Muses</i> , 1749.		W. SHENSTONE. <i>Works</i> , 1764.	
Strephon! when thou seest me fly .	77	The Women all tell me, I'm false	60
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C. SACKVILLE, Duke of DORSET. In <i>New Review</i> , III, ed. by H. MATY,		T. JOEL. <i>Poems</i> , 2nd Ed., 1775.	
1783.		Thirstis, a kind and artless Youth	266
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O. GOLDSMITH. Six editions appeared in the year of Publication, 1770. The present text is from the Fifth of these.		Though I'm slim, and am young ..	188
'The business of Woman, dear....	158	D. GARRICK. In <i>London Magazine</i> for September, 1779.	
H. WALPOLE, Earl of ORFORD. <i>Works</i> , IV, 1798.		Though that face, matchless	138
The Curfew tolls the knell of	99	H. KELLY. <i>Works</i> , 1778.	
T. GRAY, 1749. The present text is from his <i>Poems</i> , ed. by W. MASON, York, 1775.		Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy ..	196
The day is departed; and round..	256	D. GARRICK (1769). <i>Poetical Works</i> , I, 1785.	
Rev. J. LOGAN. <i>Poems</i> , 1781.		They fatal shafts unerring move ! .	132
The dews of summer night did fall	237	T. G. SMOLLETT. In <i>Clio and Euterpe</i> , I, 1758. (M.)	
W. J. MICKLE. In <i>Old Ballads</i> , &c., IV, ed. by T. EVANS. London, 1784. This Poem suggested <i>Kenilworth</i> (1821) to Sir W. Scott: see his <i>Intro- duction</i> thereto (1831); which also fixes the authorship of this Ballad.		'Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay!	173
The mind of bright Suky's a jewel	279	ANON. In <i>Muses' Holiday</i> [1757].	
Justice Sir T. BURNET. In J. NICHOLS' <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., VI, 1786.		To fix her! 'Twere a task as vain	134
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C. L., Esquire. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for March, 1747. (M.)		Tom loves Mary passing well	210
The Muse and the Hero together..	63	ANON. I. 530. (M.)	
ANON. G. 312. (M.)		To woo me, and win me, and kiss	109
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W. PULTENEY, Earl of BATH, and P. D. STANHOPE, Earl of CHESTER- FIELD. In <i>New Foundling Hospital for Wit</i> , V, 1760-1773.		Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale! ..	
Then, farewell, my trim-built.....	297	O. GOLDSMITH. Privately printed in 1764. First published in <i>The Vicar of Wakefield</i> in 1766, with the text here given. Afterwards greatly altered by GOLDSMITH. This Poem was written before the somewhat similar one by Bishop T. PERCY, that will be found at pp. 176-180.	
C. DIEDIN. <i>The Waterman</i> , 1774.		'Twas on a lofty vase's side	80
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I. BICKERSTAFFE. <i>Love in a Village</i> , 1763.		'Twas on a Monday morning.....	32
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ANON. In <i>Amaryllis</i> , II [1749]. Attributed by RITSON to M. AKEN- SIDE, M. D.; but it is not in his <i>Poems</i> , 1772.		'Twas when the winds were	230
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R. FERGUSSON. <i>Weekly Magazine</i> , XX, Edin., 1773.	
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H. WALPOLE, Earl of ORFORD. <i>Works</i> , IV, 1798.	
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ANON. In <i>London Magazine</i> for July, 1740. (M.)	
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ANON. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for Dec., 1732.	
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ANON. In <i>Clio and Euterpe</i> , II, 1759. (M.)	
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G. A. STEVENS. <i>Songs</i> , Omf., 1772.	
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W. WHITEHEAD, P.L. In R. DODSLEY's <i>Collection</i> , &c., IV, 1755.	
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R. ROLT. <i>Select Pieces</i> , 1772.	
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D. GARRICK. In A. MURPHY's <i>The Way to keep him</i> , 1760. II. 130. (M.)	
Ye Maids, who Britain's Court	227
J. WEST, Earl DE LA WARR. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for April, 1766.	
Ye patriot crowds, who burn for..	116
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W. SHENSTONE. <i>Works</i> , 1764.	
Yes, I'm in love! I feel it now	152
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ANON. In J. BAIRDON's <i>Laurel</i> , II. (M.)	
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S. BOYCE. 1754. G. 378 a. (M.)	
You tell me, I'm handsome, I	130
E. MOORE. <i>Poems</i> , &c., 1756.	

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- A or A'**, 35, 37, 171, &c., all.
Abbas, Shah of Persia, 54, 55.
A·ra (W. Collins), 52-55.
Ae, 224, 225, 249, &c., one.
Th' Ägean deep, 96.
Afore, 222, before.
Africa, 134.
Aft, 291, later, after.
Ails, 222, is the matter with.
Ain, 35, 37, &c., own.
Ain-spu¹ cleething, 291, own-spun clothing.
Aiten, 284, oaten.
Aith, 288, oath.
Akenside, M.D.; M., 257.
Alake! 285, alack.
Albion, 97.
Altama [= Altamaha], 21, a river in Georgia, U.S.A.
Altho', 225, although.
Amanda (D. Mallet), 147.
Amang, 290, among.
Amynta (Sir G. Elliot, Bart.), 170.
An', 222, 224, 225, &c., and.
An, And, 34, if.
Ance, 171, once.
Ancient Pistol (W. Shakespeare), 195. Ensign Pistol.
Ane, 171, one.
Angelina (O Goldsmith), 1-8.
Ann (T. G. Smollett), 136.
Anna, Annama [Craddock], 270.
Antient, 290, ancient.
Arion, 230, 231.
At, 224, against.
Auburn (O. Goldsmith), 10-21, primarily intended for Goldsmith's birthplace, Lissoy, Co. Westmeath, in Ireland; which, from this very Poem, is now called Auburn: but meant by him to stand for any English village. Goldsmith thought that the incessant migration from the villages to large towns was a national evil: and this Poem is the full expression of that opinion.
The Deserfed Village is a picture of an Old World life, beautifully told.
Auguste, 39.
Auld, 248, 249, old.
Auld-World tale, 290, Old World tale.
- The Warwickshire river Avon, 46, 48, 97, 193, 194, 196.
Avona's bank, 46, the Avon.
Awa or **Awa**', 36, 234, 248, 284, &c., away.
Ay (*Scotch*), 171, 222, 287, &c., ever.
- The back o' the gate**, 35, to turn a man out of doors.
Bacon, Viscount St. Albans; F., 156.
Badrins [= baudrins], 291, cats.
Bairnies, 290, children.
Bairnly, 291, childish.
Baith, 223, 235, 248, &c., both.
Baldock, Hertfordshire, 197.
Banes, 291, bones.
Bang, 285, 290, defeat, worst.
Bannocks, 280, bread, made in a round and flat shape.
The bansters, 171, the binders up of sheaves.
Barbauld, A. L., 274-278.
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Barnard, Lady A., 248, 249.
Bassie, 292, the farm horse.
Batchleour, 224, bachelor.
Batie [Bat = Bartholomew] (R. Ferguson), 288.
Bauks o' corn, 292, ridges of land growing corn.
Bauld, 286, 288, bold.
Beauclerk, Miss, 227.
Beaumont, F., 30, 176.
Beaumonts, 30, F. Beaumont (see Vol. IV, 196-208), and Dramatists like him.
Bedeckit, 286, covered, adorned.
Behn, Mrs. A., 113.
Behns, 113, Mrs. A. Behn (see Vol. VII, 156-162), and Dramatists like her.
Bell [= Isabella] (Anon.), 210.
Belmour (H. Kelly), 140.
Old Ben, 102, B. Jonson.
Bens, 30, B. Jonson (see Vol. IV, 214-222; and Vol. V, 1-30), and Dramatists like him.
Berwickers, 35, the people of Berwick-upon-Tweed.
Betty (Anon.), 272, the Lady's Maid.
- Bickerstaffe**, I., 159.
Bides, 291, abides.
Bien [= bene, bein'], 292, wealthy, comfortable.
Biely, 286, warinly.
Bigonet, 235, a linen cap or coif.
Billet, 224, letter.
Birken tree, 37, birch-tree.
Birks, 147, 148, 285, the birch-trees.
Birnam Wood, 195.
Birn, 292, burden.
Bishop-satin gown, 235.
Blackbird, 37, 148, a thrush.
Blackfriars Bridge, London, 296.
Blate, 35, bashful, diffident.
Blaun by, 236, blown by.
Blaw, 284, blow.
Bleachin of their claes, 284, whitening of their washed clothes by exposure to sunlight.
Bleer, 292, become dim.
Bleezing, 289, blazing.
Blink, 292, flicker.
Showery blinks, 290, flashes of sunlight between the showers.
Blyth, 171, 288, &c., blithe.
Blythest, 285, blithest.
At bogle [= barley-bracks] to play, 171, a gaine wherein one hunts others round the corn stacks.
Bolingbroke — see **Saint John, H.**
Bonnily, 283, beautifully.
Bonny, 172, 285, 287, &c., pleasant, gladsome, comely.
The Border, 171, between England and Scotland.
Boscawen, Miss, 227.
Bosworth Field, 195.
Boughlets, 222, pens for confining ewes at milking time.
Bower, A., 28.
Bowie, 289, a wooden milk-bowl.
The Box, 39, at the theatre.
Boyce, S., 108-111.
Bradley, A., 38.
Braes, 284, banks.
Ever brag, 193, spirited, lively.
Braggart Knight, 195, Sir J. Falstaff.

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- Braid Cloth** [= Broad Cloth], 287-289, fine black woollen cloth.
Brak, 36, brake.
Braw, 171, 235, 286, 291, &c., brave, fine.
Brawls, 86, French dances like a Cotillon.
Brawly, 33, finely.
With brede **ethereal wove**, 56, interwoven with changeable colours.
Bremen, 68.
Bricker [= bicker], 290, wrangling, altercation.
Brighton Camp, 120.
Bristol—see **Hervey, J.**
Britain, 63, 86, 259, 260.
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British nation, 211.
British oak, 135.
Britons, 135, 146, 186, &c.
Broachie, 287, a brooch.
Bruce, R., 31.
Brulzies, 290, broils, fights.
Brussels, 186.
Bryce, Rev. A., 148.
Buckle wi' me, 223, unite with, marry, me.
Bughts, 171, see **Boughts**.
Bum, 284, hum, boom.
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Burnet, Justice Sir T., 279.
Buskit braw, 291, finely dressed.
Butter'd, 289, buttered.
Byre, 222, 292, a cow-house.
- C., G., 221, G. Canning.
C-e, 75.
Ca', 225, 284, call.
Ca', 292, cast.
Ca'd, 222, called.
Fu' cadgie, 291, very glad.
Ca's, 284, calls.
Cælia (W. Whitehead, P. L.), 152.
Cæsario (W. Shakespeare), 283.
Caledonia, 290.
The Can, 190, the wooden drinking can.
Canning the Elder; G., 220, 221.
Canny lean, 291, soft rest.
Can't, 26, 30, &c., cannot.
Capuchine, 87, a cloak and hood.
Car, Lord M., 35.
Carena, 249, care not.
Carline, 285, an old woman.
Case, 292, in case.
Cauld, 171, 236, &c., cold.
- Cauler** [= caller] air, 236, fresh, cool, air.
Celadon (Anon.), 161.
Celia (Anon.), 161, 253.
Cestus, 71, the girdle of Venus.
A Chair, 273, a sedan chair.
The chap [= customer], 225, fellow, lad; applied in Scotch to women.
Charles II, King, 113.
Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender; Prince, 31-37.
Charlotte Sophia, Queen Consort of George III, 160, 227.
Chaucer, G., 96.
Chaunter [= chanter], 284, that pipe of a bagpipe, with finger holes, on which the melody is played.
Chear, 172, cheer.
Chelsea Ferry, London, 297.
Chesterfield—see Stanhope.
The young Chevalier St. George, 32, Prince Charles Edward Stuart.
A chiel [= child], 286, a young man.
A chlep [= cheep] is, 290, is frequent.
Childer, 290, children.
Chili, 96.
Chimley, 289, chimney.
Chimley cheeks, 289, the stone pillars at the side of a fire.
Chirming, 285, chirping.
Chiswick House, Chiswick, London, 60.
Chloe (Anon.), 60, 61, 162, 163, 52.
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Chloe (A. Bradley), 38.
Chloe (J. G. Cooper), 160.
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Chloe (T. Joel), 266.
Chloe (M. Jones), 105.
Chloe (H. Walpole, Earl of Orford), 158.
Chloris (I. S. H.), 129.
Cibber, P.L.; C., 75.
Cibber, S. M., 73.
In circulating gold, 117, gold medals.
Cits, 262, citizens of London.
Claes, 284, clothes.
Clarinda (H. Kelly), 140.
Cleething, 291, clothing.
Clermont Park, Esher, 67.
Clive, the Actress; Kittey [= Catharine], 39, 66, whose cottage at Teddington was called Little Strawberry Hill.
- Cloe** (Anon.), 269.
Cloe (E. Moore), 130.
Cloe (C. Sackville, Duke of Dorset), 247.
The Clown, 197, rustic.
Cobham, Viscountess—see Temple, A.
Cockburn, A., 172.
Cocky, 225, vain, conceited.
Cod, 292, pillow.
Colin (Anon.), 198, 268, 269.
Colin (S. Boyce), 109, 110.
Colin (J. Cunningham), 203.
Colin (D. Garrick), 195.
Colin (I. S. H.), 120.
Colin (W. J. Mickle), 234-236.
Collins, W., 53-58.
The colly, 291, the shepherd's dog.
Condescending, 222, agreeing.
Congreve, W., 192.
Conjurer, 91, conjurer.
Content [= Good Nature] (Anon.), 137.
Cooper, J. G., 160.
Cooper's Hill, Staines, 67.
Cope, General Sir J., 33-35.
Corin (A. L. Barbauld), 276, 277.
Correggio, A. A., 30.
Corydon (J. Cunningham), 207, 208.
Cosh, 280, snug, comfortable.
Cot, 198, cottage.
Cottar, 292, cottager.
Cotton, M.D.; N., 122-125.
Cou'd, 284, 285, &c., could.
Coudna, 248, could not.
Couter, 292, the coulter of a plough.
Couthy cracks, 290, pleasant talks, chats.
Cowley, A., 98.
Crabbit, 285, intricate.
Cracks, 290, talks, chats.
Cranshaks, 223, crooked, distorted, persons.
Crest, 290, ridge of a mountain.
Some Cromwell, 101.
Crook her . . . mou', 287, distort her mouth with displeasure.
A crown, 248, a silver coin of the value of 5s.
Cruizy, 291, a small iron lamp, or candlestick.
Crum [= crumb], 291, a small particle of food.
Crummy, 292, the farm cow.
Cud, 221, 225, could.
Cumberland, R., 25, 27, 28.
Cumnor Hall, Berkshire, 237-241.
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- Curfew**, 99, a bell rung at a fixed hour in the evening; usually eight or nine o'clock.
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- Daffin**, 171, frolicking.
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Damon (J. H. Pye), 213.
Dante Alighieri, 96.
Daphne (S. Boyce), 108, 109.
Old Darby (Anon.), 163.
Darena, 249, dare not.
Daur, 34, dare.
Daura, 33, dare not.
Dawson, J., 40-43.
Dawty, 222, darling.
Dead, 26, those so intoxicated as to fall under the table. See Vol. VIII, 37, where this term is applied to empty bottles also lying on the floor.
Deal, Kent, 190.
Deas, 291, a long wooden settle, or sofa, in the kitchens of Scotch farm-houses.
Death, Captain, 63, 64.
The river Dee, 159.
Deidly yew, 290, deadly bow.
The D' il, 34, 285, 291, Devil.
Delia (Anon.), 141, 211, 212.
Delia (J. Scott), 270.
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Denham, Sir J., 67, wrote a Poem called *Cooper's Hill* in 1643.
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Dibdin, C., 296, 297.
Didna, 249, did not.
Dight, 264, clothe, dress.
Dighting, 288, dressing.
I dianna ken, 35, do not know.
Dione (Anon.), 76, 77.
Divets, 289, thin, flat turfs.
Dizened her out, 28, decked her out with finery.
Dodd, Rev. W., 28.
- Dolefu'**, 283, 291, doleful.
Dolly [= Dorothy] (Anon.), 198.
Dool [= dole], 171, sorrow, grief.
Doughtna, 290, dared not.
Douglas, Bishop J., 25, 28.
Douglas, Duchess of Queensberry; C., 158.
Douna, 289, do not.
It dow, 292, can do.
Dowie, 171, 288, sad, dreary.
Dowie glen, 283, lonely.
I'll down, 234, I will go down.
Drift, 289, snow driven by the wind.
Drogs, 289, drugs, medicines.
Druids, 259.
Drumly pow, 292, sleepy head.
The Dryad of this hoary oak, 257.
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Fair dung, 288, fairly over-powered with fatigue.
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- Easmments**, 222, houses.
Edinburgh, 281.
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Eelist, 222.
E'en, 107, 160, even.
E'en, E'enning, 37, 171, evening.
E'en, 289, eyes.
E'enings, 288, evening's.
E'enin stent, 291, evening task.
E'er, 15, 21, 60, 120, &c., ever.
Egypt, 112.
Eidant, 289, diligent, busy.
Eild [= eild], 291, age.
Ein [= eyne], 287, 292, eyes.
Eke, 292, also.
Eliza, 156, Queen Elizabeth.
Elizabeth, Queen, 64, 86, 156.
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Erst, 290, formerly.
E'sham, 46, Evesham.
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Eton College, near Windsor, 82-85.
Evil Eie, 291, the Evil Eye.
- Ev'ry**, 38, every.
At our ewes' milking, 171,
the milking of our ewes.
Eyne, 177, eyes.
- Fa'**, 37, fall.
Fa', 286, obtain.
Had the face, 39, the impudence.
Fadge, 291, a flat loaf or bannock.
I fairly [= ferly], 222, wonder.
Faith!, 287, in good faith!
Fand, 223, found.
Fanny [= Lady F. Shirley] (P. D. Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield), 70, 71, 157, 158.
Fa's, 248, 292, falls.
Fastin' mou', 290, fasting mouth.
Fat Knight, 195, Sir J. Falstaff.
Fauld, 248, fold.
Faustus, 113, a popular Pantomime.
Fav'rite, 57, 184, favourite.
Feather-cinctured, 96, with a girdle of feathers.
Fee, 291, reward.
Feg, 287, fig.
Fek, 286, quantity.
Fells, 292, kills, supplies.
Fergusson, R., 283-292.
Field, 170, 183, 195, battlefield.
Fielding, H., 156, 157.
Fient [= Fiend], 290, the Devil.
First-rates, 190, three-decked ships of war carrying 74 to 120 guns.
Fitzgerald, Rev. T., 262, 263.
Flat-bottoms, 166, boats without keels.
Flavella (Anon.), 209.
Flavia (W. Shenstone), 44, 48.
Fleeching, 171, flattering.
To fleetch us, 291, tempt.
Fletcher, J., 176.
Fletcher, Dean of Kildare; P., 74, 75.
Fley'd, 288, frightened.
Flings his cen, 289, casts his eyes.
Flodden Field, 170, 171.
The Flower of the Forest, 171, King James V of Scotland.
Flowers of the Forest, 170-172, the picked men.
Urge the flying ball, 83, ? Tennis. Cricket was not, in 1747, the national game.
Fock [= fould], 288, folk.
Folding star, 56, the star at the rising of which the flock is put in the fold.

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Fond, 179, affectionate.
Forby, 222, in addition, over and above.
Forfain, 225, destitute, forlorn.
Ye forsta me! 225, you understand me!
Foster, Mrs. E., Milton's grand-daughter, 116, 117.
Fouk, 222, 225, 288, folk.
Foy, 291, a parting entertainment, a death feast.
Frae, 34, 248, 264, &c., from.
France, 39, 87, 135.
Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love, 209.
Front, 291, forehead.
Fu', 286-290, &c., full, very.
Fulvia (W. Shenstone), 49.
The furrowed task, 205, ploughing.

Gabbin, 171, taillery, jeering.
Gentler Gabs, 289, gentle-folks.
Gade [= gaed], 248, went.
Gae, 235, go.
'Gainst, 76, 83, 90, &c., against.
Gaists, 200, ghosts.
Gane, 248, 290, gone.
Gang, **Gangs**, 33, 222, 249, 287, &c., go, goes.
Gar'd, 290, made.
Gardies, 290, arms.
Gerrick, 20, 25, 29, 30, 39, 112-114, 116, 117, 181-186.
Gars, 288, 290, makes.
Gash, 290, talk, gossip.
The gates o't, 222, ways of it.
Gauds, 34, 238, ornaments.
Gauls, 67, 260, the French.
Gawsy [= gaucy], 287, stately.
Gear, 201, things given as presents.
Geck at, 266, jibe at, taunt.
 Taken with the **gee**, 223, become unmanageable.
 Wad but **gee** [= gi'e], 224, give.
George, 41, King George II.
George II, King, 41, 190.
George III, King, 169, 227.
Georgia, Russia, 53-55.
Georgia, U.S.A., 21, 22.
Ghaist, 249, ghost.

Black gibbet, 20. In 1770, criminals were left hanging in chains by the roadside.
Gi'e, 290, give.
Gl'ed [= gived], 249, gave.
Gl'en, 35, given.
Gin, 287, ii.
Girdle, 280, a circular iron plate used for baking oatmeal cakes.

Girnels, 222, meal-chests.
Glass, 50, drinking glass.
Glass, 182, mirror reflecting the personages in every Age.
Through glass, 65, spectacles.
Glengarry, 31.
 The **Gleyb**, 292, the field.
Glibly gash, 290, freely talk.
Glitt'ring, 204, glittering.
Gloming, 171, 284, 288, gloaming.
Glowl [= stare], 292, look.
Golden Key, 228, the badge of the Vice-Chamberlain.
Goldsmith, O., 1-30.
Goodman, 234, 235, the husband and master of a family.
Gowden, 285, golden.
 A **gowl**, 286, a fool.
Gradden, J. (A. Ross), 224, 225.
Graham, later **Cunninghame-Graham**, M.P.; R., 263, 265.
Graith, 286, wearing apparel.
Grane, 285, groan.
Gray, T., 80-104.
Grecian Coffee House, London, 221.
 Bear the **gree**, 285, 286, to carry off the prize, to be pre-eminent.
Greece, 96, 97.
 The **Green**, 10, 11, 12, 19, &c., the village **Common**, 20.
Green, the colour of Rejection, 201.
Greenwich Hill, Kent, 66.
Greet, 236, 249, 290, weep.
Grenville, Countess Temple; A., 154, 155.
Greville, Mrs. —, 214-219.
Grey, R. (Lady A. Barnard), 248, 249.
Grien [= grene], 292, yearn.
Groom, the Steward at Stoke Park Manor House, 91.
Grub Street, London, 29.
Grummer, 210, more gloomy.
Gudame, 290, grandmother.
Gudemans, 289, 291, the husband and master of a family.
 The **Gudewife**, 289, 292, the farmer's wife.
Gunnersbury Park, 66.

H; I. S., 120.
H—d; **Lady E.**, 65.
Habit, 6, dress.
Had, 280, holds, keeps.
Hae, 225, 236, 277, &c., have.
Haffits, 287, cheeks.
Hafflings [= halflings], 292, partially.
Hal [= Harry] (Anon.), 210.

Halcyon, 47, the kingfisher.
Halland, 289, the screen between the door and the fireplace of a Scotch farm kitchen.

Hame, 248, 289, home.
Hamely, 283, 288, homely.
Hanieward, 284, homeward. Some village **Hampden**, 101.
Handel, F. G., 62, 69.
Handled, 289, managed.
Hanover, 68.

Hap ye weel, 286, wrap you up well.
Harcourt, Earl Harcourt; S., 229.

Harry (Anon.), 210.
Harry (T. Gray), 81.
Harry (W. Shenstone), 39.
Har'st, 171, harvest.
Har'sts, 292, harvests.
 Produce **hash**, 290, destruction, waste.

Hatton, Sir C., 86.
 The **Hattons**, 86.
Hawkies, 292, cows.
 The **Hays** [= Hays de guise], 279, dances having a winding motion.

Heart of Oak, 186, the solid central part of an oak tree; hence, a man of enduring valour.

Heartsome, 289, refreshing, heartening.

Heath'ry turfs, 289, turf covered with heather.

Hebe (J. West, Earl De la Warf), 226.

He'd, 69, 221, &c., he would.

Heese, **Heeze**, 288, 291, lift up, raise up.

Helicon, 93.

Henry VII, King, 82.

Herds (*Scotch*), 284, sheep-herds.

Hersel, 32, herself.

Hervey, Earl of Bristol; J., 67.

Hervey, Lady M., 68, 69.

Het, 280, hot.

Hickey, T., 25, 30.

Hies her, 171, hastens.

Hindmost, 289, last.

Homer, 120.

Horace, 202.

Housie, 289, an affectionate diminutive of House.

Howard, Countess of Carlisle; I., 217-219.

Howard, Countess of Suffolk; II., 154, 157.

Howe'er, 150, however.

Hunt, —, 114, a boxer on the Stage.

Huntingdons, the [Earls of], 86.

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Hustled, 75, shuffled.	Jones, M., 105-107.	Leal [= liel], 288, honestly.
Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; E., 156.	Jonson, B., 30, 112, 113, 192.	Lean, 291, rest.
I', 225, in.	Jooks, 223, jokes.	Leander (Anon.), 52.
I'd, 68, 165, 185, &c., I would.	Kail-worms, 288, caterpillars.	Lear, 289, learn.
Idalia, 94.	Kate (D. Garrick), 190.	Leel, 235, honest, upright.
Ilissus laves, 96.	Kate (W. J. Mickle), 234.	Leglin, 171, 292, a milk-pail, with one of the staves projecting as a handle.
Ilk, Ilka, 171, 283, 285, &c., each, every.	Kate of Aberdeen (J. Cunningham), 109, 200.	Leicester—see Devereux, R.
I'll, 7, 34, 59, &c., I will.	Kebbock whang'd, 291, sliced cheese.	Lepell, Molly, 68, 69, Mary Lepell, afterwards Lady Mary Hervey.
I'm, 160, 188, I am.	Kebbuck nice, 292, nice cheese.	Auld Ierroch, 291, site.
I'm no like, 249, I am not likely.	Keck, Miss, 227.	Lesbian, 230, Arion.
Indermay, 285, the same as Invermay, 147, 148.	Keeks, 288, appears, peeps.	Leugh o' me, 222, langhed at me.
Indifference (Mrs. — Greenville), 215.	Kelly, H., 29, 30, 138-140.	Lift, 280, the atmosphere.
Ingle, 288, 292, fire, fireside.	Ken, 35, 222, know.	Lilt, 284, cheerfully sing.
The Ingle's low, 290, the fireside's blaze.	Kend [= kenned], 33, 223, knew.	Lilting, 37, 171, cheerful singing.
Insight [= insight], 222, goods, furniture, utensils within the house.	Kenrick, LL.D.; W., 28, 29.	Disdain the limits, 83, go out of bounds.
Into, 235, in.	Kens, 280, knows.	Lincoln, 39.
Invermay, 147, 148, 285.	I'll down the Key, 234, I will go down to the Quay.	Lintsets, 285, linnets.
The Isles, 36, the Western Isles of Scotland.	Kidlings, 203, young kids.	Lintwhites, 148, linnets.
Islington, 8, 9, a northern suburb of London, a separate town when Goldsmith wrote.	Kill, 291, kiln.	Loaning [= loan = lawn, and also lane], 171, (1) an open space between fields of corn, left untilled for the passage of cattle; (2) a little Common, near country villages, where they milk their cows.
Italy, 96, 97, 285.	King, 228, George III.	Lochiel, 31.
Ither, 37, other.	Kirkyard, 177, 290, church-yard.	Lo'ed, Loo'd, 36, 248, loved.
I've, 120, 121, 160, &c., I have.	Kitty (Anon.), 164.	Logan, Rev. J., 254-256.
Jack [= John] (Anon.), 271, 272.	Kitty (G. Canning the Elder), 220, 221.	London, 37.
Jacobite Songs, 31-37.	Kitty (M. Prior), 158, Catherine [Hyde, afterwards Douglas, Duchess of Queensberry; see Vol. VIII, p. 84.	Looes he, 289, loves he.
Ye jades! 234, hussies!	Kitty (W. Shenstone), 40, 43.	Louis d'ors, 190, a gold coin of France, nominally worth 20s.
Janes, The Lady, 90-92.	Ky, 222, 248, 291, &c., cows.	Louping, 290, leaping.
Jearing, 171, jeering.		LOVE = CUPID.
Jemmy (Lady A. Barnard), 248, 249.	L., Esquire; C., 62, 63.	Love, the affection between individuals of the opposite sexes that are capable of intermarriage.
Jenny (Anon.), 32, 33.	Lab'ers, 291, labourers.	Another Love, 198, Lover.
Jenny (Lady A. Barnard), 248, 249.	The Lads, 292, farm labourers.	In love.
Jenny (R. Fergusson), 200.	Lag, 193, tardy, slow.	My Love, the Lady, or Gentleman, I love.
Jenny ... Jockie (A. Ross), 225, like the English Darby and Joan, 163.	Laith, 287, loth.	My love, the love I have for that person.
Jesse (E. Moore), 131.	Lambkin, 207, lambkins, 252, little lamb, lambs.	Lover, a man who loves a woman. Also called, Servant, True Love.
Jim [= gim], 67, fine.	Land-men, 190, landsmen.	Low, 290, blaze, flame.
Joan (Anon.), 163.	Lang, 37, 292, long.	Lucetta (T. Joel), 267.
Joans, The Lady, 90-92.	Lass of the Mill (Anon.), 197, Polly.	Lucinda (I. Bickerstaffe), 159.
Jock (R. Fergusson), 260.	Lass on the brow of the Hill (M. Jones), 106, 107.	Lyart, 171, withered, faded.
Jock (W. J. Mickle), 234.	Lasses, 288, the hireling damsels at 292.	Lybian sands, 136.
Jockie (A. Ross), 225.	Latian plains, 97.	Lyes, 171, 248, lies.
Joel, T., 266, 267.	Latiun, 97.	
John (Anon.), 271, 272.	Lauder, W., 28.	
John (R. Fergusson), 288.	The lave [= lalef], 291, the remainder, the rest.	
Johnson, LL.D.; S., 112-118. The four bracketed lines on page 24 are by him.	Lav'rocks, 37, 148, 285, larks.	
	Lea, 99. Leas, 291, open, untilled grass land.	
		Macbeth, 64.
		Macgibbon, W., 284, 285.

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- Macleane**, —, a highwayman, 91.
Macpherson, J., 28.
Mahomet, 114, a rope-dancer.
Mailins, 290, rented farms.
Main, 22, 36, 260, 293, ocean.
Mair, 171, 172, 222, &c., mote.
Maist, 284, 292, &c., most.
The Mall, London, 273.
Mallet, D., 142-147.
Mane, 285, 290, moan.
Manaa, 287, must not.
Manor, 88, the district under the local jurisdiction of the Lord of the Manor, in this case Viscountess Cobham.
Marble Hill, Twickenham, 66, the residence of H. Howard, Countess of Suffolk.
Margent, 82, margin.
Maria (Rev. J. Logan), 256.
Marriott, Rt. Hon. Sir J., 230-233.
A marrow [= a match], 225, a partner in marriage.
Mary (Anon.), 210.
Mary (P. D. Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield), 72.
Mary Tudor, Queen, 90.
Maun, 290, 292, must.
Mavis, 148, thrush.
Meadows, Miss, 227.
Meals, 222, the flour of oats, barley, or pease; as distinguished from that of wheat.
Meander, 96, the river.
Melissa [= H. Speed] (T. Gray), 87.
Meltith, 289, a meal.
Merl, 37, the blackbird.
Mettled, 287, sprightly, spirited.
Mickle, W. J., 234-241.
Middlesex, 66.
'Midst, 57, 80, &c., amidst.
Milton, J., 96-98, 116, 117. Some mute inglorious Milton, 101.
Mira (H. Kelly), 139.
Mistress, always, in this Series, in a good sense; with its many equivalents, such as, sweet Heart! dear Joy! Saint! &c., &c.
Mog, M., 68, see Vol. VIII, pp. 167-169.
Moll, Molly [= Mary] (Anon.), 271, 272.
Moll (D. Garrick), 190.
Molly (Anon.), 243, 258, 259.
'Mong, 171, among.
The Monsieurs, 160, French.
Montagu, Lady M. W., 150.
Mony, 36, 288, &c., many.
Moore, E., 130, 131.
Their morning counsel tak, 292, take instructions for the work next morning.
- Mou'**, 287, 290, mouth.
Mount Edgcumbe, Devonshire, 182.
Mow, 108, a haycock.
Muckle, 240, much.
Muckle pat, 234, great pot.
Multure, 292, the charge of the miller for grinding the corn = **Thirlage** — see **Thirling Mill**.
Murth'rous, 84, murderous.
Myrtilla (R. Rolt), 298.
- Na**, 35, 286, 291, no, not.
Nae, 37, 171, 234-236, &c., no.
Naebody, 284, nobody.
Naething, 225, 248, nothing.
Nancy (Anon.), 104.
Nancy (D. Garrick), 188-190.
Nancy (H. Kelly), 138.
Nancy (T. Percy, Bishop of Dromore), 174, 175.
Nancy (W. Shenstone), 46-48.
Name, 223-225, none.
Nanny [= Ann] (T. G. Smollett), 136.
Nappy liquor, 289, strong ale.
Nature's Darling, 97. W. Shakespeare.
Ne'er, 33, 36, 59, &c., never.
The neist, 236, next.
Nell (M. Jones), 107.
New-fangled hat, 200, new-fashioned.
Newton, Sir I., 288.
Nice, 220, difficult, delicate.
Niest [= nighest], 292, next.
Nill he! 80, will he not.
No (Scotch), 36, 225, not.
Noah, 64, 123.
Noddle, 289, head.
I' the far nook, 289, corner.
No scanty, 222, not scarce.
Nova Zembla, 136.
Numbers, 93, 195, &c., poetry.
- O**, 35, 223, 234, 286, &c., of.
British oak, 135.
Heart of oak, 186, see **Heart**.
Thine Oaks, 260, ships built of oak.
Oaten stop, 56, see **oaten reed**, 185; and **aiten straw**, 284.
Oatlands Park, Walton on Thames, 67.
O'er, 10, 15, 18, &c., over.
O'erword, 37, burden.
Pleasing one not worth the pleasing! 157, King George II.
O't, 222, 286, of it.
Otway, T., 192.
- Outsight**, 222, goods, furniture, utensils out of doors.
Owre, 36, over.
Owsen, 284, 288, oxen.
Oxford, 189.
Oxfordshire, 188, 189.
Oy [= oe], 291, grandson.
- Never paired**, 192, unequalled.
Pambamarca, 24, a mountain in Ecuador, South America.
Parian floor, 45, a floor of Parian marble.
The Park, London, 39, 273, 279, Hyde Park, &c.
Partlet, 202, the name of the hen in Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*.
Passion, predilection, habitude. 'The ruling Passion strong in death.'
Passion, emotion, not necessarily of love. It might also be of anger, grief, zeal, &c.
Passion, Passions, anxieties of mind and agonies of soul through love for one of the opposite sex.
Pat, 157, convenient, tempting.
Pat (Scotch), 234, pot.
I'd pat him, 208, tap, strike, him with the hand.
Pawky [= pauky], 284, skillful, artful.
Pearl-blue, 235, clear pale blue.
Peats, 289, vegetable fuel, turf fuel.
Peggy [= Peg = Margaret Woffington] (D. Garrick), 184, 185.
Peleus, 183.
Pens, 225, best clothes.
Percy, Bishop of Dromore; T., 174-180.
Persia, 55.
Persians, 278.
Petrarch, F., 96.
Phantom, 2, *Lepis satius*, marsh gas.
Phillis (Anon.), 260.
Phillis (S. Boyce), 109, 111.
Phillis (J. Cunningham), 207, 208.
Phillis (T. Joel), 267.
Phæbe (C. Sackville, Duke of Dorset), 246, 247.
Phyllis (Rt. Hon. Sir J. Marriott), 232.
Pibrachs [= pibrochs], 284, martial music adapted to the Highland bagpipe.
A pickle hair, 287, a single hair.

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- An ancient Pile, 86, 89–92, a large building, Great House, 89; in this case, Stoke Park, the Manor House of Stoke Pogis, Buckinghamshire; 237, Cumnor Hall.
The pin, 32, the latch.
Pindar, 93, 94, 98.
Pinners, 72, a woman's headdress, having long flaps hanging down.
Pique, 9, irritation.
Pistol (W. Shakespeare), 195.
Pitt, Earl of Chatham; W., 182, 183.
'Plaining, 177, complaining.
Plato, 150, 151.
- PLAYS—
Comus, by J. Milton, 116.
Love in a Village, by I. Bickerstaffe, 159.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, by W. Shakespeare, 214.
The Waterman, by C. Dibdin, 296.
- Pleughs [= pleuchs], 289, ploughs.
- POEMS—
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, ed. by Bishop T. Percy, 176.
Polly (Anon.), 197.
Poortith, 288, 289, 292, poverty.
Pope, A., 98, 156.
Pot, 163, a tobacco pipe.
A pother, 167, a stir, a bustle.
Pothooks, 89, letters—see Spell.
Pow, 286, 292, head.
The Village Preacher, 15. This character is supposed to be recollections of Goldsmith's own father.
Preston town, 34, Preston Pans.
To prie [= preif], 291, to taste.
Prior, M., 158.
Progress, 93, the successive development in different countries.
Prometheus, 197.
Pulteney, Earl of Bath; W., 65–69.
Pump for a metre, 69, get a rhyme anyhow.
Purt, Rev. R., 88.
Pye, J. H., 213.
- The Queen, 169, 228, Queen Charlotte Sophia, Consort of King George III.
The Queen, 157, Queen Wilhelmina Charlotte Caroline, Consort of King George II.
Queensberry, Duchess of—see Douglas, C.
The questing, 62, hunting.
Quin, J., 39.
- Rade, 35, rode.
Ranelagh Gardens, London, 149, 296.
Rangles, 290, groups.
Raphael, S., 30.
Rax [= reach], 289, become.
Rax me, 234, reach me, hand me.
Readied kail, 289, prepared cabbages, greens.
Reams, 289, foams, froths.
Reeks, 286, smokes.
Respeckit, 286, respected.
Restit, 292, rested.
Restoration Age, The, 96.
Reynolds, P.R.A.; Sir J., 25, 30.
Richmond, 157, the royal Palace at Richmond, Surrey.
Richmond, Surrey, 140.
Ridge, J., 25.
Riggin, 289, the ridge of the house.
Rigs, 292, arable land.
Rive, 177, split, break.
Rives, 185, splits, breaks.
Auld Rob, or Robin Grey (Lady A. Barnard), 248, 249.
Roger (J. Cunningham), 200, 201.
Roger (M. Jones), 106, 107.
To chase the rolling circle's speed, 83, trundling a hoop.
Rolt, R., 298.
Rosalind (D. Garrick), 195.
Ross, A., 222–225.
Rossetta (I. Bickerstaffe), 159.
Rounds, 62, the celestial Spheres.
A Rout, 28, a fashionable assembly.
Her rubbers, 92, at whist.
The Twelve Good Rules, 18. They were: 1. Urge no Healths! 2. Profane no divine ordinances! 3. Touch no State matters! 4. Reveal no secrets! 5. Pick no quarrels! 6. Make no comparisons! 7. Maintain no ill opinions! 8. Keep no bad company! 9. Encourage no vice! 10. Make no long meals! 11. Repeat no grievances! 12. Lay no wagers!
- Runcles, 291, wrinkles.
Rungs, 34, clubs.
Runkled, 171, wrinkled.
Russet [= a reddish-brown colour], 174, 291, a coarse home-spun gown; robes of country brown, 21.
- 's [= is] (Scotch), 223, are.
's, 292, has.
's, 7, 32, 36, 59, &c., is.
's, 75, 168, 252, 281, &c., us.
Sabbing, 171, sobbing.
Sackville, Duke of Dorset; C., 244–247.
Sae, 32, 236, 283, 284, &c., so.
Saft-tongued, 285, soft-tongued.
Saint James's Coffee House, London, 25, 26.
Saint John, Viscount Bellingbroke; H., 156.
Sair, 249, sore.
Sair-dow'd, 291, sore withered.
Sair wark, 289, hard work.
Sally (Anon.), 120, 121, 268, 269.
Sang, 37, 283, song.
Sangster, 285, songster.
Sappho (T. G. Smollett), 132.
Sark, 287, shirt.
Save his bacon, 91, preserve himself from harm.
A scabbard, 287, a sheath.
Scald, 287, scold.
'Scape, 20, escape.
Scarron, P., 25.
Lady Schaub, 89—see Spell.
School, 112, of Learning.
Science, 82, knowledge in general.
Scorning, 171, rallying.
Scotland, 31, 283, 292, Scotland.
Scotland, 285.
Scott of Amwell, J., 270.
Scowder'd, 291, scorched.
Scowry, 292, showery.
Scrapin wark, 287, shaving.
Scraps [= skraps], 223, mocks, gibes.
Scrip, 2, wallet, satchel.
Scroggy glen, 33, full of stunted bushes.
Seat, 19, country house.
Seth, 64.
Shak, 290, shake.
Shakespeare, W., 30, 97, 112, 113, 176, 181, 191–196, 283, 288.
The Shakespeare Jubilee of 1760, 191, 196.
She, the emphatic feminine Personal Pronoun, used where the poetical name of the Lady does not occur.

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- She'd**, 88, 198, she would.
Shell, 286, outside.
Shenstone, W., 39-49.
Sherlock, 71, Dean W. Sherlock's Discourse concerning Death, 1689.
Shirley, Lady F., 70, 71, 157, 158.
Shoon, 235, shoes.
Shou'd, 287, should.
Sic, 284, such.
Sicken, 290, such like.
T'other Side, 227, political Party.
Siller, 287, silver.
Simmer, 290, 292, summer.
Sion House, Brentford, 66.
Skaith, 288, damage.
Skreed, 284, screeched, with a shrill sound.
Slæ-black, 286, black as a sloe.
Slæs, 235, sloes.
The sledge, 42, on which criminals were dragged from Newgate Prison to Tyburn, for execution.
Slee, 284, artful, ingenuous.
Sleek, 287, smooth.
Sleely, 283, 289, craftily, slyly.
Slipp'r'y, 81, slippery.
Sly-boots, 26, the name of the Cat in the Story of *Puss in Boots* = a cunning person.
Smeek, 289, smoke.
Smollett, T. G., 132-136.
Smirtl'd [= smirkled, smirled], 225, has slightly smiled.
Snow, 285, snow.
Snow-tapit, 288, snow-covered.
Sock and couter, 292, a ploughshare.
Sodger, 47, soldier.
Sods, 289, earthen fuel, used for the back of the fire.
'Soho! '62, a hunting cry.
Son of May, 183, Apollo.
Song, 113, the Ballad Operas started by J. Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, 1728.
Sons of the Waves, 186.
Soun', 37, sound.
Sound, 248, sound asleep.
Southcoats, 67, ? Mr. Southcote's house called Wooburn Farm, Weybridge.
To spae, 289, to forebode, prognosticate, divine.
Spark, 287, a gay, lively man.
Spear, 225, inquire.
A Spell, 89. This was the following note: — 'Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray. She is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well.'
- Spenser, E.**, 96.
Spinning Wheel, 21, 234, 268, 269.
Squib, the Groom of the Chambers at Stoke Park Manor House, 91.
Squire thee, 264, escort thee.
Stamacks, 280, stomachs.
Stanemore, 144.
Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield; P. D., 68-72, 74, 75, 157.
Steeks [= steiks], 288, shuts.
Steeks, 292, shuts out, excludes, separates from.
Steer, 292, yo.
Stella (S. Johnson, LL.D.), 115, 118.
Stent, 291, task.
Stevens, G. A., 250, 251.
Stirrah, 287, young fellow.
Stoun awa', 248, stolen away.
Strait, 224, difficulty.
Strang, 289, 290, strong.
Stratford upon Avon, 191-196.
Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, 66, 67, 157, the residence of H. Walpole, Earl of Orford.
Streckes him, 91, stretches himself.
Strephon (Anon.), 77, 78, 261.
Strephon (W. Shenstone), 46-48.
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- The Town, 21, 39, 250, 262, 273, 295, London, and the London fashionable World.
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- Trade**, 12, 24, Commerce. Of the two great Interests in 1770, Land was Tory, and Trade was Whig. Manufactures became a third Interest a little later on. Goldsmith in this Poem, and Dr. Johnson, in its last four lines, attack Trade as a national evil.
- Trailed** her, 30, dragged.
- Train**, 10, 15, 18, 20, &c., company.
- Train**, 12, 13, 49, 57, &c., followers, attendants.
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- Trigly**, 287, neatly, trimly.
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- The river **Tyne**, 5.
- Tyrant**, 11, 12, was simply the landlord at Lissoy, who insisted on the payment of his rent.
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- Upo'**, 289, 291, upon.
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- Waes**, 248, woes.
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- Wauking**, 33–35, wakening.
- Wave**, 291, weave.
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- We're**, 51, we are.
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